

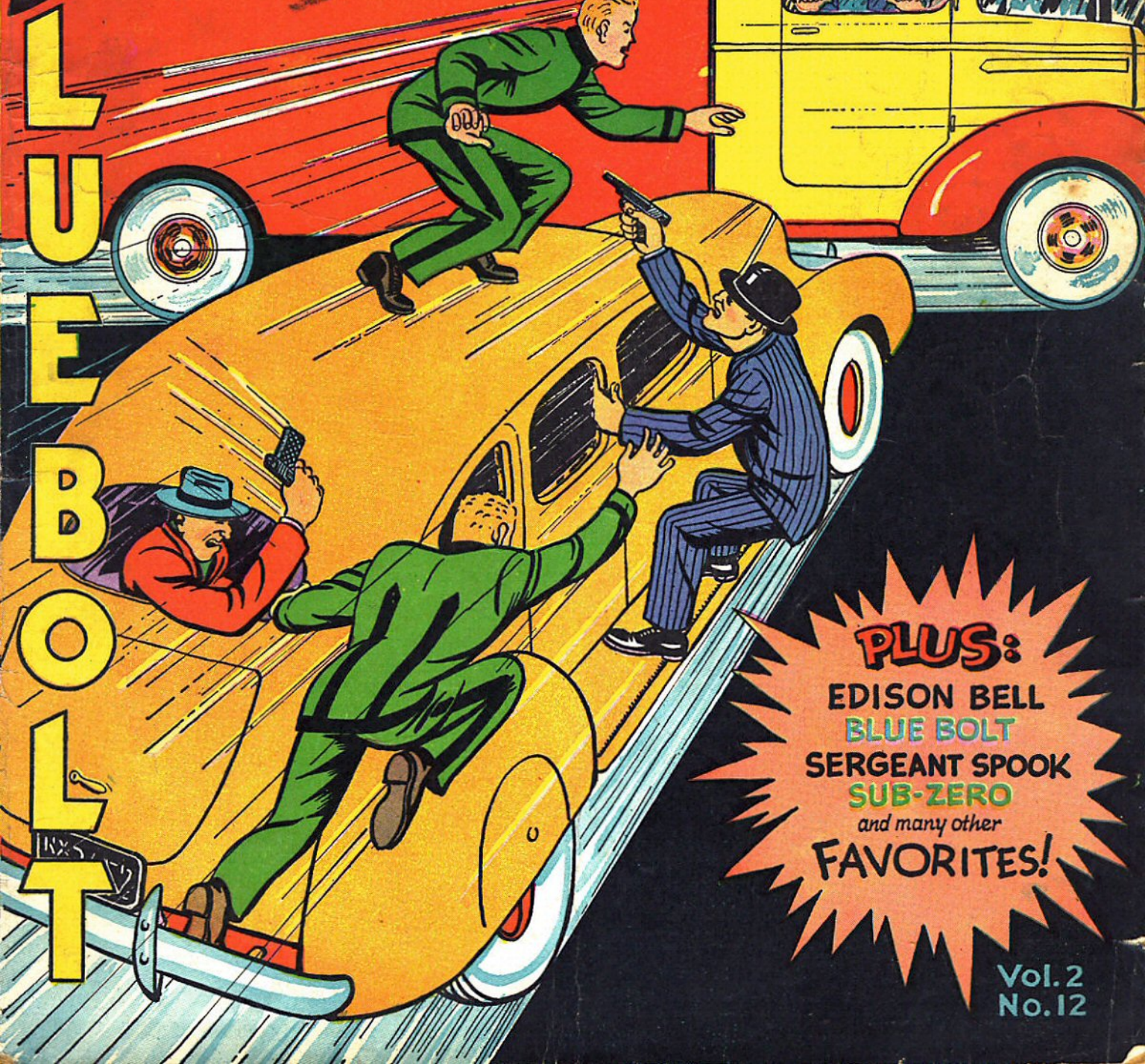
Featuring:

DICK COLE

May

# BLUE BOLT

10¢



**PLUS:**

EDISON BELL

BLUE BOLT

SERGEANT SPOOK

SUB-ZERO

and many other

**FAVORITES!**

Vol. 2  
No. 12





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



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Dear Readers:

Your letters to this page almost without exception for the last few issues have been tossing "bouquets" into the Editors' laps. We're mighty pleased of course; however, everyone needs some constructive criticism now and then which hasn't been forthcoming from you on BLUE BOLT. Since we can't find a single letter telling us that something is wrong with BLUE BOLT, instead of printing several letters telling us how good it is, we're going to answer a question that many of you have asked from time to time; namely:

## WHO DRAWS THE COMICS?

One of our very genial artists is John Jordan. He entered his profession "the hard way"—via the newspaper route. He was a cartoonist for a number of papers, the last one being the New York Evening Journal. When the famous editor-columnist Arthur Brisbane looked around for a skillful artist to draw the well known Sunday editorial cartoons that appeared with his column, he found John Jordan a very able interpreter of his ideas. When Brisbane died, Jordan entered this field, and has been at it ever since. Oh, yes—of course you know, he draws "Sergeant SPOOK."

If you look closely at "Old Cap Hawkins' Tales", you'll find a wealth of detail showing thoroughness of the artist who draws this feature. That's the work of Henry Kiefer, who has studied art here and abroad. For many years, he was in Europe, and he has specialized in historical subjects. He is a book illustrator, too, and started drawing cartoon features some six years ago for the very first original comic magazine, "New Fun",—remember?

So very many of you boys and girls have written in about the "Edison Bell" feature that we should tell you a little about the fellows who create, write, and draw it. This is a "team"—that is, two persons cooperate on the material: Harold Delay is the artist; Ray Gill is the idea man and writer. The combination has worked out very well, though artist Delay is old enough to be Ray's father!

Artist Delay has been drawing for many years, and at one time lived in China. His hobby is model-making, so what would be more ideal as a livelihood than to illustrate the wonderful ideas that Ray Gill creates? Delay makes many of the things that he draws in "Edison Bell", right on his kitchen table—and gets a lot of fun and pleasure from it.

Ray Gill has written a number of "how-to-build" articles for magazines, edited a "Hobby Pocketbook Series", taught cartooning for a while at summer school, and goes in for all kinds of hobbies. We've heard that he has a model train layout that would make any miniature railroad fan turn green with envy, and that he knows stamps and photography. This wide interest in all kinds of "how-to-make" things is what makes his collaboration with artist Delay so interesting and lively. Yes—he's only a young fellow, and when he and artist Delay get their heads together there's sure to be a brand new, exciting, and fun-to-build gadget hot off the drawing board.

These boys as well as the other artists drawing for BLUE BOLT take much more than a commercial interest in their work and have always read your letters which comment on their strips with great interest. Ideas and suggestions presented by you are carefully discussed by them and incorporated into their work whenever possible.

From time to time we'll give you more thumbnail sketches of the fellows who draw your favorite features such as "funnyman" Jack Warren whose brain children are "Krisko and Jasper." So until the next issue, the best of luck to you all and don't forget your defense work to KEEP 'EM FLYING.

Cordially,  
THE EDITORS

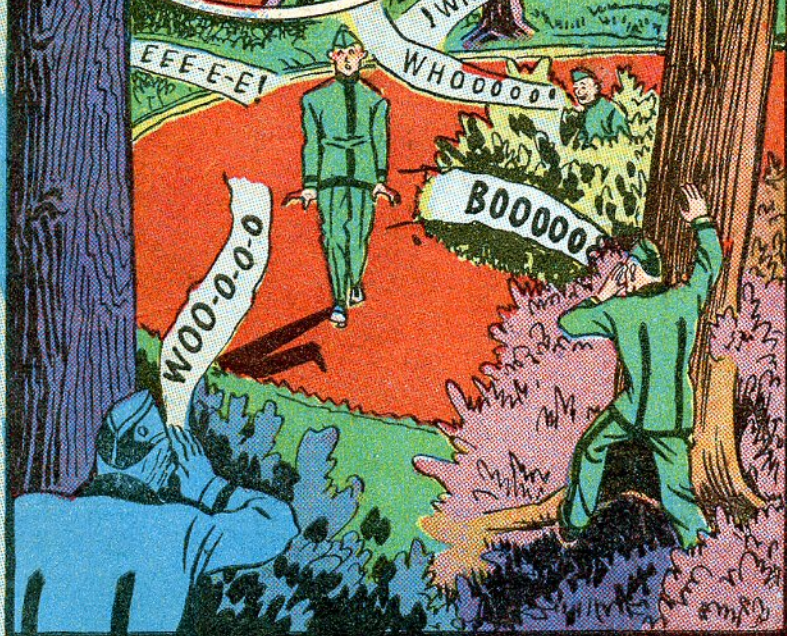
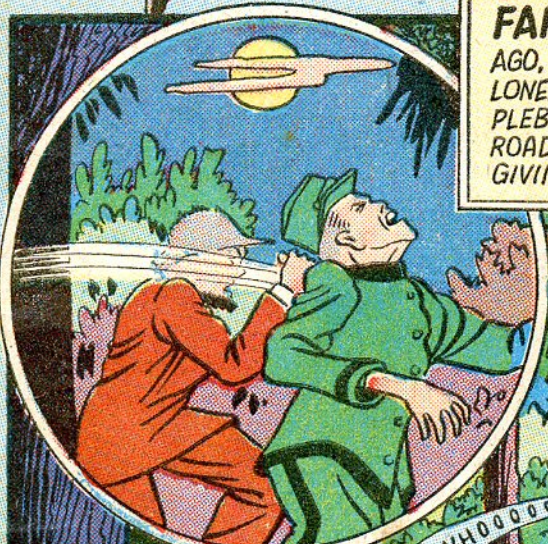


# DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

**FARR SCHOOL** IS STEEPED IN TRADITION. ONE NIGHT, YEARS AGO, A CADET-- HARVEY TUDOR-- WAS MURDERED BY A FARMER ON A LONELY ROAD BACK OF THE SCHOOL. FROM THAT DAY, EVERY NEW PLEBE HAD TO PROVE HIS SALT BY WALKING DOWN "THE HAUNTED ROAD" ON A DREARY NIGHT. TONIGHT WE SEE THE GANG GIVING A NEW BOY THE WORKS FROM THE BUSHES!



HIDING IN THE BUSHES AND JOINING IN THE FUN ARE DICK AND HIS PAL, SIMBA.

**JUMPIN' CHESTNUTS!**  
THE POOR FELLOW'S SCARED STIFF!

**OH BOY!** AN' TOMORROW WE MARCH THAT RICH JENKINS KID DOWN TH' HAUNTED ROAD!



EVEN A NUMBER OF THE CADETS' INSTRUCTORS HAVE TURNED OUT TO WATCH THE RAW RECRUIT GO THROUGH HIS PACES . . .

MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A CADET AGAIN. HA-HA!

GREAT BUNCH OF BOYS HERE AT FARR!

JOLLY GOOD FUN, EH?

IF IT DIDN'T LOOK TOO UNDIGNIFIED, I'D HOWL OUT LOUD TOO!

THIS IS TOO FUNNY FOR WORDS!

BUT, STANDING ALONE IS A MAN WHO NEVER FINDS ENJOYMENT IN ANYTHING THE FARR CADETS **EVER** DO! IT IS BITTER, SINISTER-LOOKING **PROFESSOR GRUMBY**, THE MOST UNPOPULAR INSTRUCTOR AT THE ACADEMY . . .

YOUNG FOOLS! I HATE THEM ALL -- AND FARR, TOO!

HAVING SUCCESSFULLY PASSED THE ORDEAL OF "THE HAUNTED ROAD," THE CADETS CONGRATULATE THE PLEBE . . .

WHEW! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER!

NICE GOIN', OL' BOY! --FEEL ALL RIGHT?

WELCOME TO THE FOLD, LADDIE!

WHEE! WHAT FUN!

'RAY FOR JOHNNIE!

TODAY HE IS A MAN!

BOY, ARE MY SIDES SPLIT!

TOMORROW NIGHT YOU CAN HELP SCARE THE PANTS OFF THAT NEW JIMMIE JENKINS!

AS THE CADETS TROT OFF TO BED AFTER A GRAND DAY OF WORK AND PLAY, THE EVIL PROFESSOR SNEERS AFTER THEM . . .

BRAINLESS YOUNG FOOLS!

I'D LIKE TO THRASH EVERY ONE OF THEM!

HE WALKS HOME, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF . . .

THE LITTLE DOPES! WITH ALL MY TROUBLES, I HAVE TO SEE THESE YOUNG FOOLS ENJOYING THEMSELVES!

CLIMBING THE STAIRS TO HIS ROOM, HE OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND A "WELCOMING COMMITTEE" WAITING!

JOE MARRONE!

YA REMEMBER ME NAME ALL RIGHT... BUT YA FERGOT ABOUT TH' DOUGH YA OWE US!

YEH! WE'RE HERE T' COLLECT!

AN' IF Y' THINK WERE KIDDIN'...

--WE'RE PARKIN' RIGHT IN THIS ROOM TILL Y' COME ACROSS WITH TH' THOUSAND BUCKS! AN' Y' BETTER MAKE IT SNAPPY, PERFESSOR!

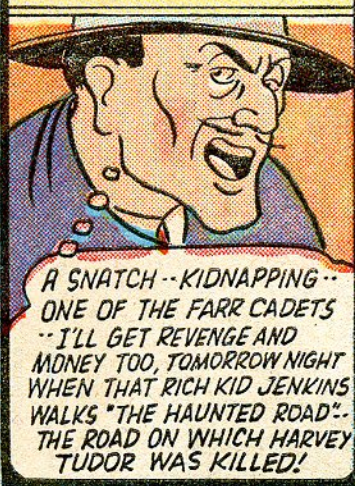
PLEASE! PLEASE!



AS THE GANGSTERS ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE . . . .



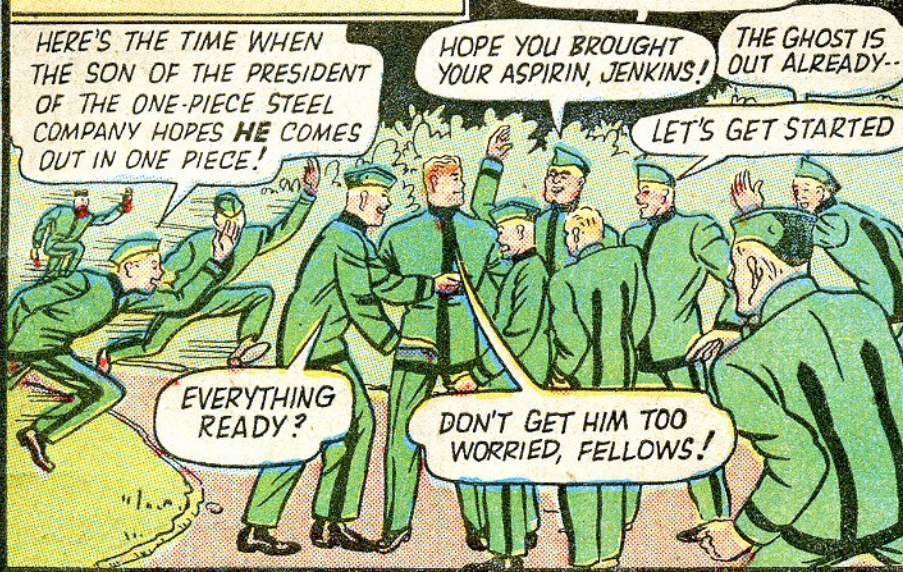
AFTER THE GANGSTERS HAVE GONE, A DIABOLICAL SCHEME COMES TO THE TWISTED BRAIN OF PROFESSOR GRUMBY...



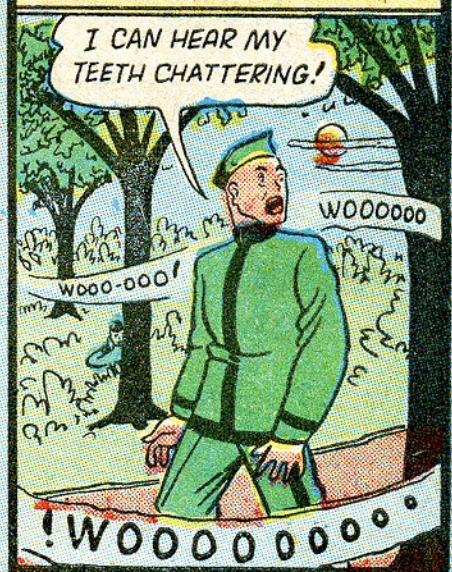
THE NEXT NIGHT, DICK AND SIMBA ESCORT A FRIGHTENED JIMMIE JENKINS DOWN TO "THE HAUNTED ROAD."



THEY ARE GREETED BY A LARGE GROUP OF FARR CADETS...



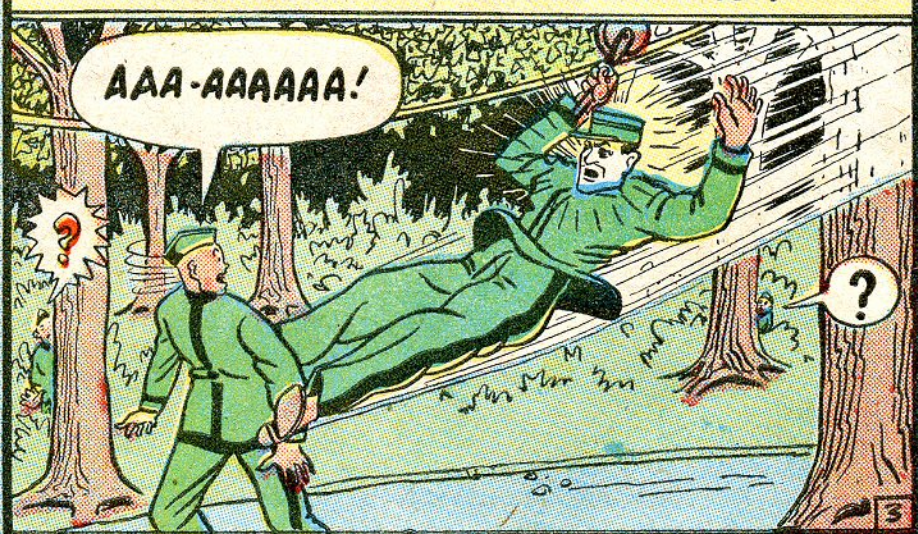
JENKINS BRAVELY STARTS HIS WALK ALONG "THE HAUNTED ROAD."



WHEN HE IS HALF WAY DOWN...



AS JENKINS COMES TO THE END OF THE ROAD, THE EERIE FIGURE OF THE DEAD HARVEY TUDOR SUDDENLY SWOOPS DOWN AND LIFTS THE FRIGHTENED BOY OFF HIS FEET! . . . .





THE PHANTOM FIGURE SEEMS TO SAIL THROUGH THE AIR, HOLDING THE TERROR-STRICKEN BOY!

YAAAAAA

SAY! WHAT'S THAT?

HOLY MACKEREL!

HA! HA! PROBABLY A TRICK OF THE UPPER CLASSMEN!

YEA! THEY SURE WENT TO PLENTY OF TROUBLE! -- WOW!

DICK COLE, SIMBA, AND EDDIE DISCUSS THE EPISODE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE DORMITORY . . . .

WHOEVER PULLED THAT ONE, KEPT IT FROM ME -- THE FELLOWS COULDN'T EVEN FIND JENKINS TO CONGRATULATE HIM!

THEY MUST HAVE HIDDEN HIM IN THE OLD MILL OVER NIGHT. HE'S ALL RIGHT!

OH, HE'LL GET OVER IT SAME AS WE DID WHEN WE WERE PLEBES! LET'S NOT BUTT IN!

... AND SOON AFTER, TAPS SOUNDS --- BUT THE DREARY NIGHT HAS JUST BEGUN FOR THE "GHOST" OF HARVEY TUDOR-- IN REALITY, THE DIABOLICAL PROFESSOR GRUMBY! HE SWIFTLY CARRIES THE TERRIFIED, GAGGED JENKINS TO HIS HOUSE.

THIS IS KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE -- YOUR FATHER WILL PAY PLENTY TO GET YOU BACK AND THE NAME OF FARR WILL BE RUINED!

IN GRUMBY'S APARTMENT ...

I'LL GET RID OF THIS SILLY LUMINOUS MASK AND OLD UNIFORM -- THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL NEVER BE FOUND!

DON'T GO AWAY! HA! HA! --- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

BUT, WITH ALL HIS CUNNING, GRUMBY HAS OVERLOOKED ONE DETAIL -- THE WINDOW SHADE!

BUT--- WHAT'S THIS? LAURA, THE COACH'S DAUGHTER, AND THE PROFESSOR'S NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR, IS JUST ABOUT TO PULL HER SHADE DOWN WHEN SHE SEES--

MY GOODNESS! THAT'S YOUNG JENKINS, THE NEW BOY! AND IN PROFESSOR GRUMBY'S QUARTERS! HE'S ALL TIED UP!

LAURA CLIMBS INTO THE TREE BETWEEN HER WINDOW AND GRUMBY'S . . . .

OH! WHAT HAS THAT MEAN OLD PROFESSOR DONE TO THE POOR BOY? I MUST FREE HIM!



... BUT JUST AS SHE CLIMBS THROUGH GRUMBY'S WINDOW INTO HIS APARTMENT, THE MAD PROFESSOR RETURNS!

YOU LITTLE BUSYBODY, I'LL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE!

ULP!

THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE REGULAR MILITARY INSPECTION ...

CADET JAMES, CADET JAMICK, CADET JENKINS...  
CADET **JENKINS!** WHERE IS CADET JENKINS?

HMM!?

OH-OH!

BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER.  
...DICK STEPS FORWARD AND RELATES THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE.

WE THOUGHT IT WAS A PRANK, SIR!

THIS IS SERIOUS!  
I MUST REPORT IT TO MAJOR FARR AT ONCE!

IN THE OFFICE--MAJOR FARR, HEAD OF THE ACADEMY:

REGARDLESS OF THE BLOW TO THE REPUTATION OF THE ACADEMY, WE MUST NOTIFY JENKINS' FATHER IMMEDIATELY. THE COACH WILL HELP IN THE SEARCH FOR HIS DAUGHTER LAURA.

YES, MAJOR FARR!

THE MAD PROFESSOR, WITHOUT USING HIS OWN NAME, HAS ALREADY SENT A DEMAND FOR MONEY...

-and if you do not comply within twenty-four hours you will not see Laura or Jenkins again - a friend

MAJOR FARR WRITES A NOTE AND HANDS IT TO DICK COLE.

PLEASE SEND THIS TELEGRAM TO JENKINS' FATHER IMMEDIATELY!

YES, SIR!

SIMBA HAS WAITED FOR DICK...

SIMBA, AS SOON AS I SEND THIS TELEGRAM TO MR. JENKINS, THE REPUTATION OF FARR ACADEMY IS RUINED!

YEAH, ALL THE PAPERS WOULD PRINT IT BIG, 'SPECIALLY 'CAUSE THE KID'S FATHER IS A MILLIONAIRE-- WE HAVEN'T A CLUE TO WORK ON--!

MEANWHILE... THE WICKED GRUMBY HAS PLACED LAURA AND JENKINS IN THE DAMP CELLAR OF HIS HOUSE.

THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOU! HEH! HEH! AND FARR ACADEMY WILL BE RUINED!

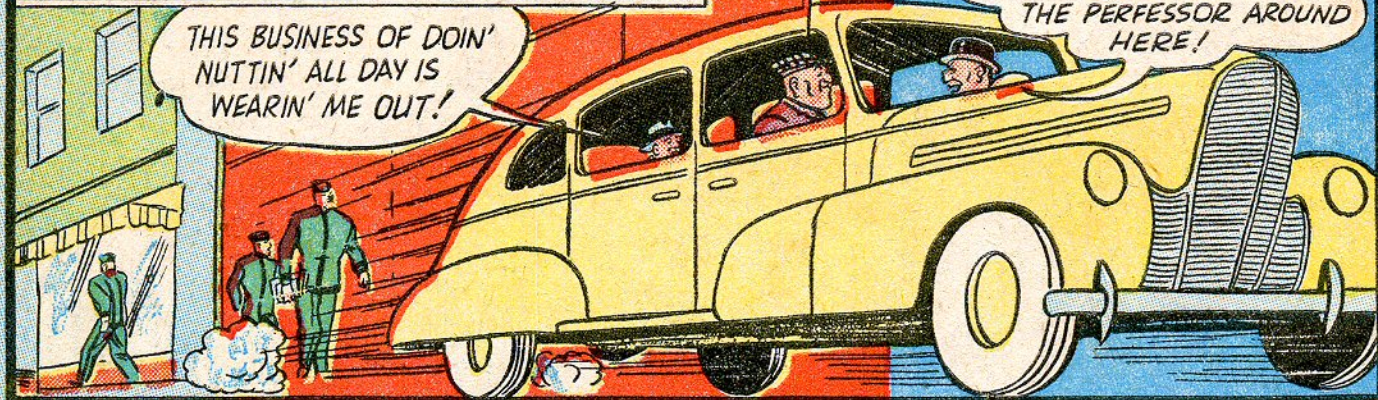


AS DICK AND SIMBA, WITH HEAVY HEARTS, WALK TOWARD THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE WITH THE FATAL TELEGRAM - A TELEGRAM WITH A MESSAGE THAT WILL BREAK A FATHER'S HEART AND A FAMOUS SCHOOL'S REPUTATION, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE DOINGS OF THE GANGSTER, JOE MARRONE, AND HIS TOUGH HENCHMEN.

LISTEN, BOSS, IF DAT PERFESSOR GUY DOESN'T PAY UP THE "GRAND" BY TONIGHT!

I'M RUNNIN' DIS SHOW.. AN' IF YOUSE GUYS WERE SMART YOU'D SEE THERE'S BIGGER PICKIN'S THAN THE PERFESSOR AROUND HERE!

THIS BUSINESS OF DOIN' NUTTIN' ALL DAY IS WEARIN' ME OUT!



WHADDEYA MEAN, BOSS?

YEAH ... WHAT?

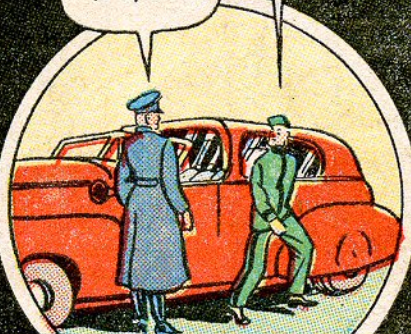
LOOK OVER THERE! IF DAT AIN'T A MILLIONAIRE'S KID, I NEVER SEEN ONE!



WHAT THEY SEE .....

YOU MAY GO NOW, JAMES.

YES, SIR!



--- JIMMY SMYTHE, ANOTHER OF FARR'S WEALTHY CADETS!

A SNATCH JOB IF I EVER SEEN ONE!

WE'LL GET AT LEAST TEN GRAND OUTA HIS OL' MAN!

OLD MAN, NUTTIN'! LISTEN T' ME, MUGS!



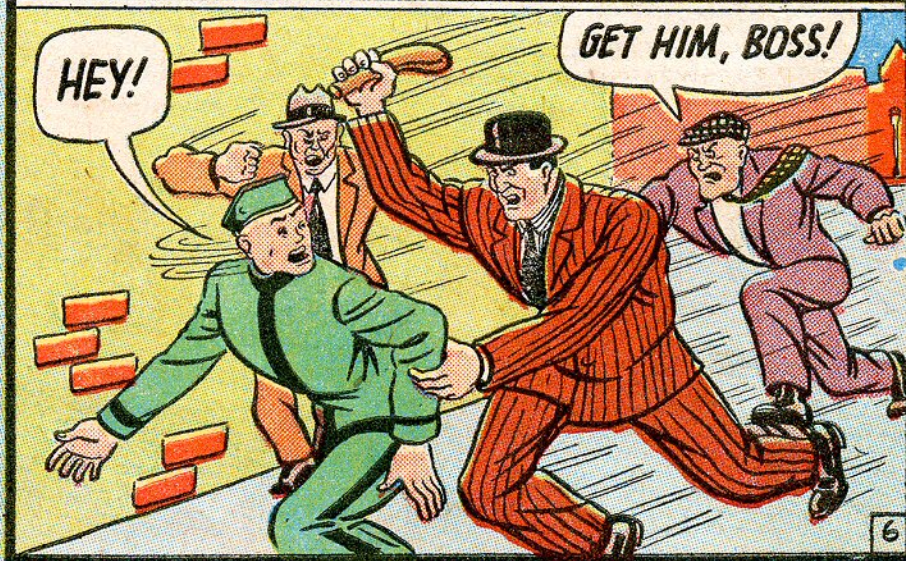
WE JUST SNATCH DIS KID, SEE? DEN, INSTEAD OF TELLIN' HIS FATHER, WE TELL DA SCHOOL DAT IF DEY DON'T WANT US T' RUIN THEIR CLASSY REPUTATION, DEY GOTTA COME ACROSS HEAVY, SEE! -- OTHERWISE WE TELEGRAPH DA KID'S OLD MAN. GET IT?



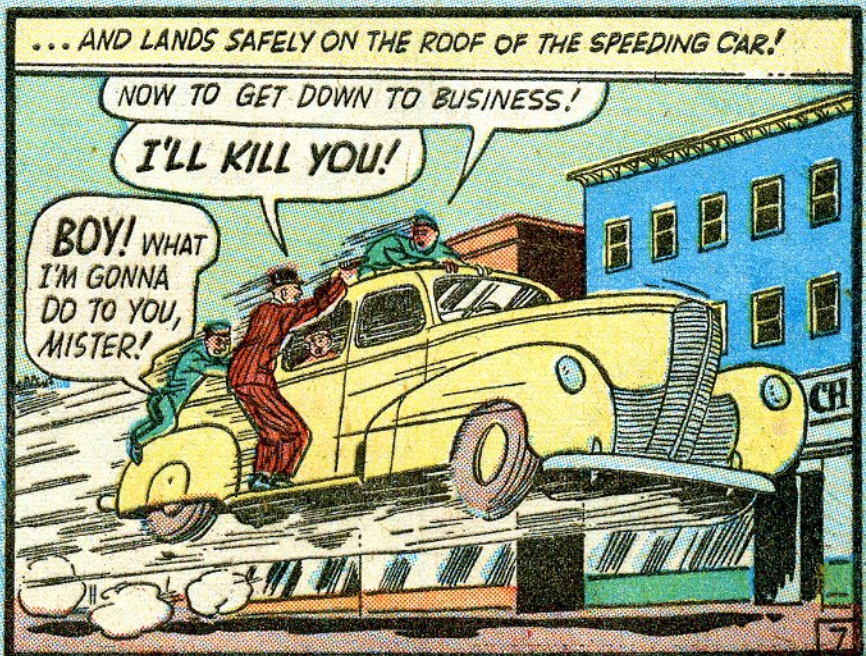
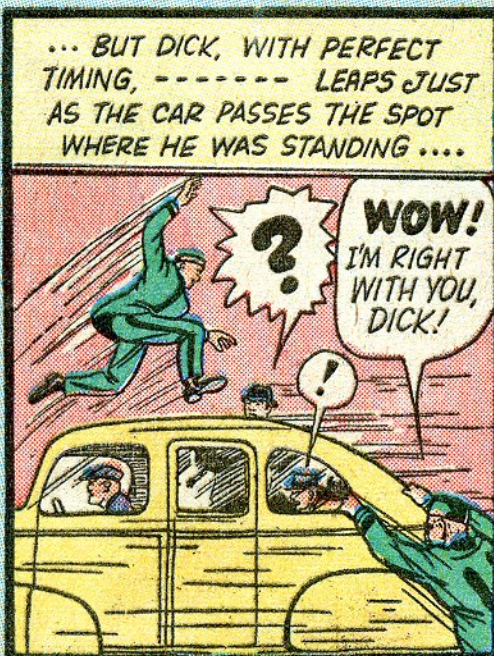
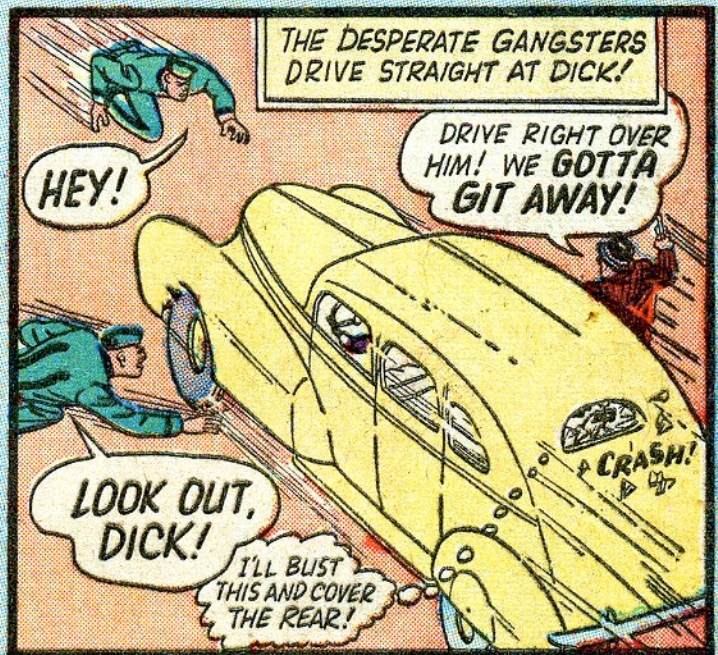
THE THUGS FOLLOW THE CADET - WHEN HE COMES TO A LONELY CORNER, THEY ....

HEY!

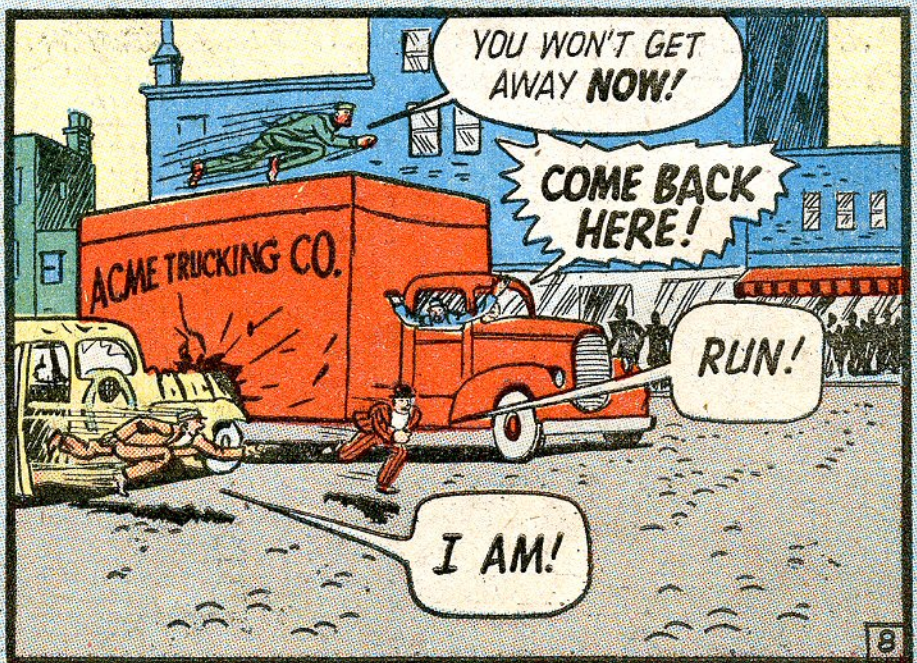
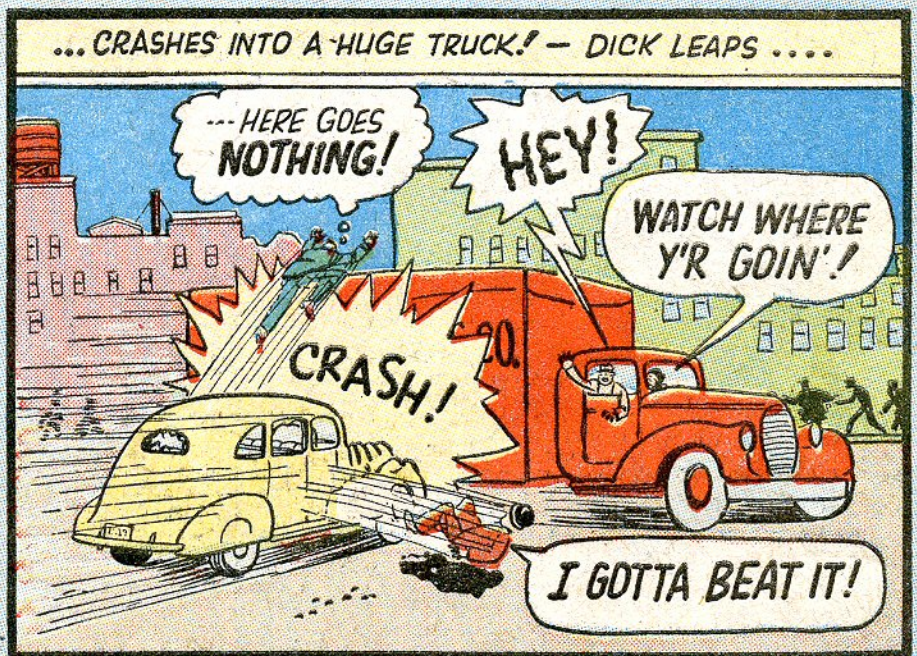
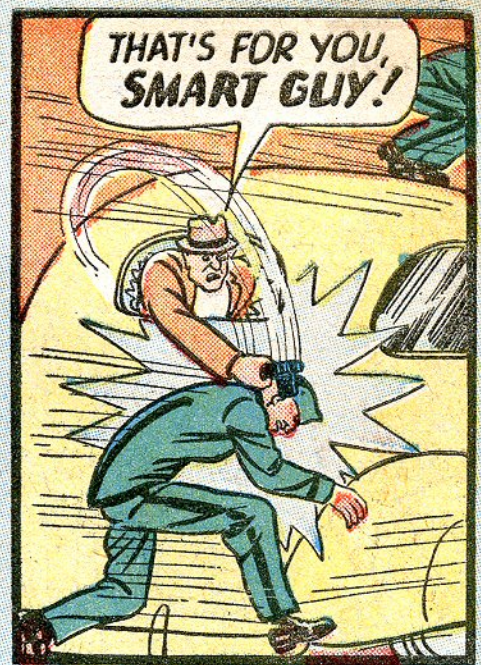
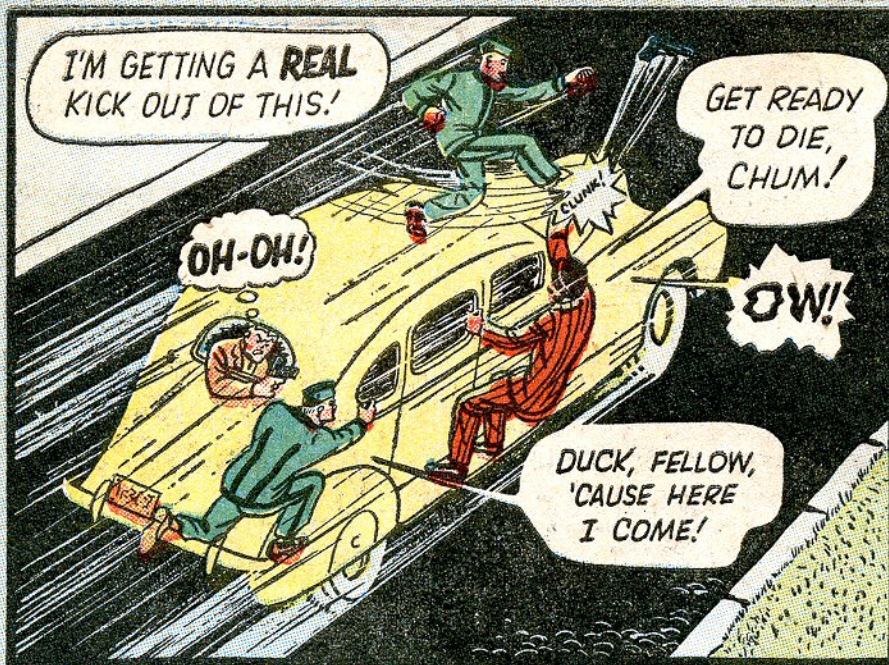
GET HIM, BOSS!



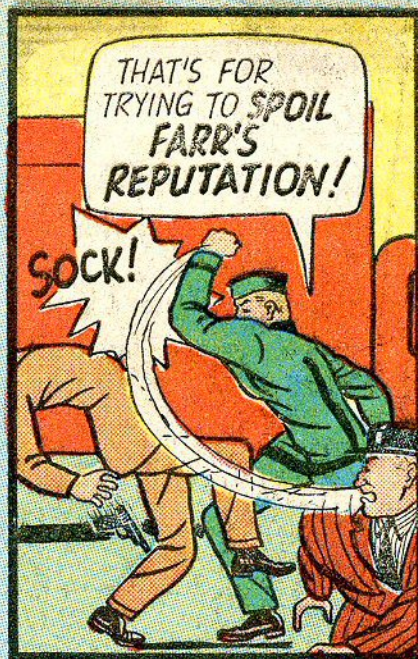
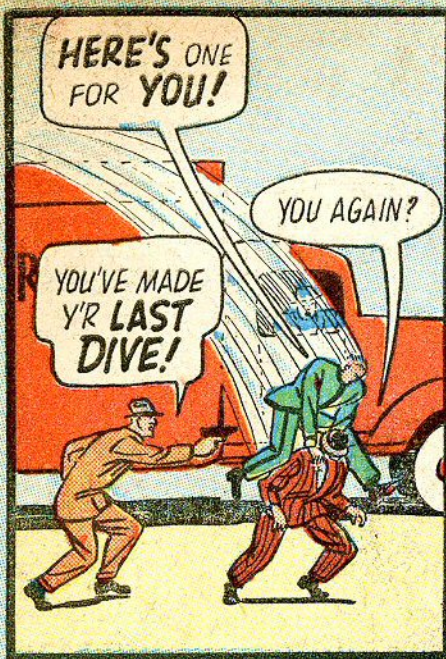












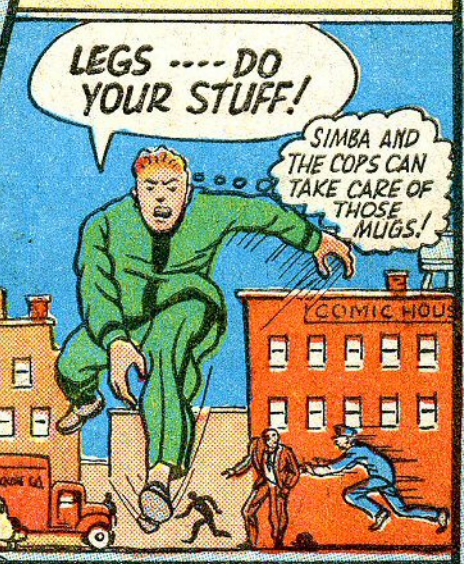
AFTER BEING VERY MUCH SUBDUED, MARRONE AMAZES DICK BY TELLING HIM THAT HE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE KIDNAPPING OF LAURA AND JENKINS.



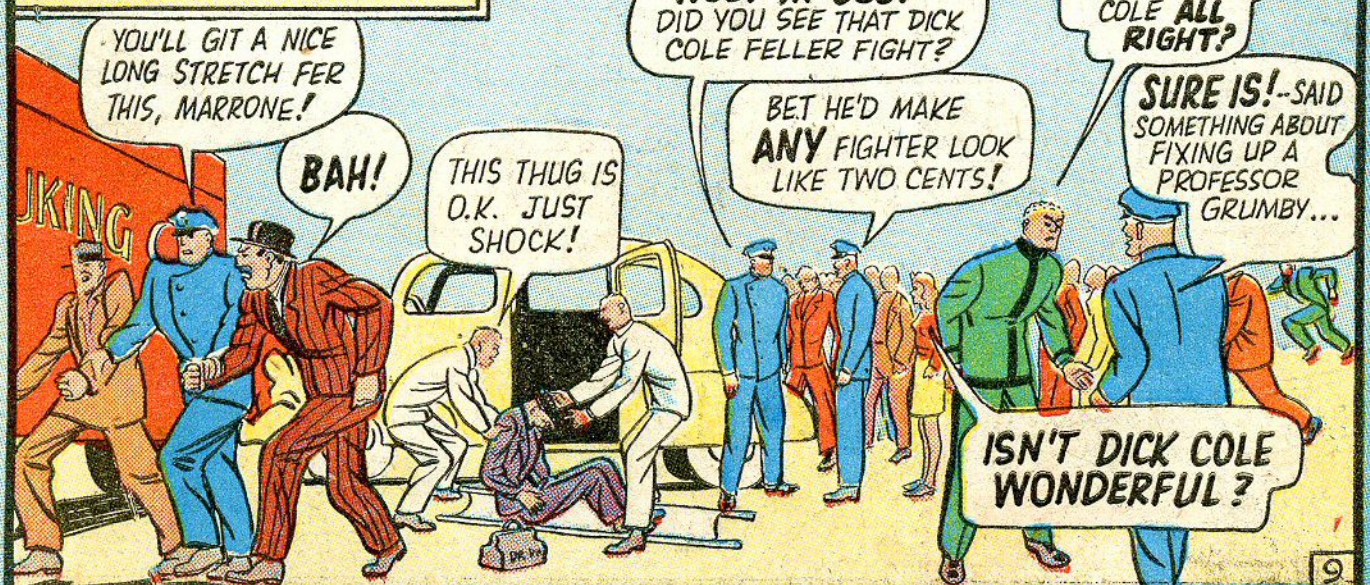
THE TRUTH DAWNS UPON DICK.



DICK RUSHES TO PROFESSOR GRUMBY'S HOUSE!



A CROWD QUICKLY GATHERS.





BACK IN THE LOATHSOME, MAD PROFESSOR GRUMBY'S CELLAR, LAURA AND YOUNG JENKINS ARE KEPT SECURELY BOUND. THE LEERING, SINISTER PROFESSOR GNASHES HIS TEETH AND TORTURES THE PAIR WITH HIS BITTER WORDS.

AND WHEN I RECEIVE THE MONEY I SHALL BE FAR, FAR AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE THEY EVER FIND YOU!

SO NOW YOU KNOW THAT I AM REALLY THE "GHOST" OF HARVEY TUDOR, EH? WELL, IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, FOR YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TELL ANYONE UNTIL I HAVE RECEIVED 50,000 DOLLARS RANSOM!

I SHALL GIVE ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO MY DEAR FRIEND, JOE MARRONE --- JUST TO KEEP HIS FRIENDSHIP, OF COURSE --- AND I WILL KNOW THAT THE FOOLS WHO CALL THEMSELVES **FARR CADETS** NO LONGER SET MY ANGER AFIRE WITH **THEIR** FUN AND LAUGHTER. I SHALL RUIN **MAJOR FARR** AND THE REPUTATION OF THE ACADEMY-- THAT'LL BE **MY** FUN! HEH! HEH!

BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE SMIRKING PROFESSOR, DICK COLE HAS ENTERED THE HOUSE AND FRANTICALLY SEARCHES EVERY ROOM ---

LAURA ... JENKINS... WHERE **CAN** THEY BE? I'VE SEARCHED JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE.

HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN SUDDENLY HIS SHARP EYES SEE ---

A **FARR** SHIELD WITH JENKINS' INITIALS... THEY **MUST** BE IN THIS HOUSE. AND THE ONLY PLACE I HAVEN'T SEARCHED IS THE **CELLAR!**

DICK PROCEEDS CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE RICKETY STAIRS THAT LEAD TO THE CELLAR, WHEN A ROTTED STEP LETS OUT A SHARP **SQUEAK!**

**SQUEAK**  
**SQUEAK**

AN INTRUDER, EH? HEH! HEH!

SO, IT'S DICK COLE, THE WONDER BOY!

MY EYES!  
I-I CAN'T SEE!



DICK'S HAND REACHES FOR ONE OF THE LOOSE WALL BRICKS...

RELEASE LAURA AND JENKINS, YOU FIEND!

NOT UNTIL I --- WHAT'S IN YOUR HAND?

... AND HURLS IT AT THE LOATHSOME PROFESSOR!

THIS!

SOCK!

I NEVER DID LIKE YOU, GRUMBY!

AWK!

DICK DIVES, BUT...

OOF!

--GRUMBY RETALIATES!

I HATE YOU!  
I HATE EVERYONE!

GRUMBY, EXERTING THE STRENGTH OF A MANIAC, GETS AWAY FROM DICK-FOR AN INSTANT AND RUNS OUT AN ALLEY LEADING TO THE STREET -- JUST AS SIMBA ARRIVES!

WOW! GET HIM, DICK!

THE KIDS ARE IN THE CELLAR, SIMBA!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, COLE!

SIMBA RUSHES DOWN TO RESCUE LAURA AND JENKINS! QUICKLY HE REMOVES THE GAGS AND ROPES!

ARE YOU KIDS ALL RIGHT?

THAT MEAN OLD PROFESSOR IS A MANIAC!

GEE!- THERE'S NO REAL GHOST AFTER ALL! HE GRABBED ME BY SLIDING DOWN A WIRE HE HOOKED FROM THE TREE TO THE GULLY AT THE SIDE OF THE HAUNTED ROAD!

BACK TO THE CHASE. THE CRAZED PROFESSOR DIVES AT AN APPROACHING TROLLEY.

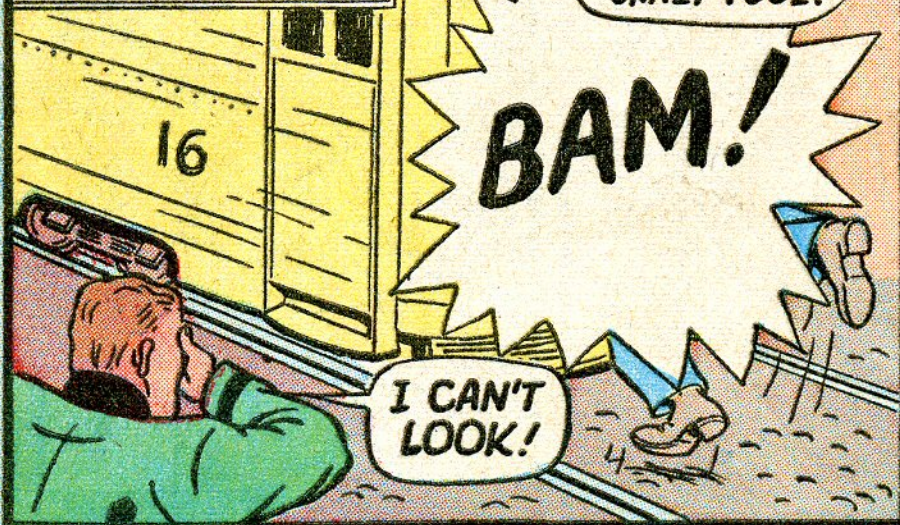
STOP!

HEY!

I SAID YOU'D NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE! HA! HA!



THE CRAZED PROFESSOR  
JUMPS STRAIGHT INTO THE  
ONRUSHING TROLLEY CAR!



LOOK AT THAT  
CRAZY FOOL!

**BAM!**

I CAN'T  
LOOK!

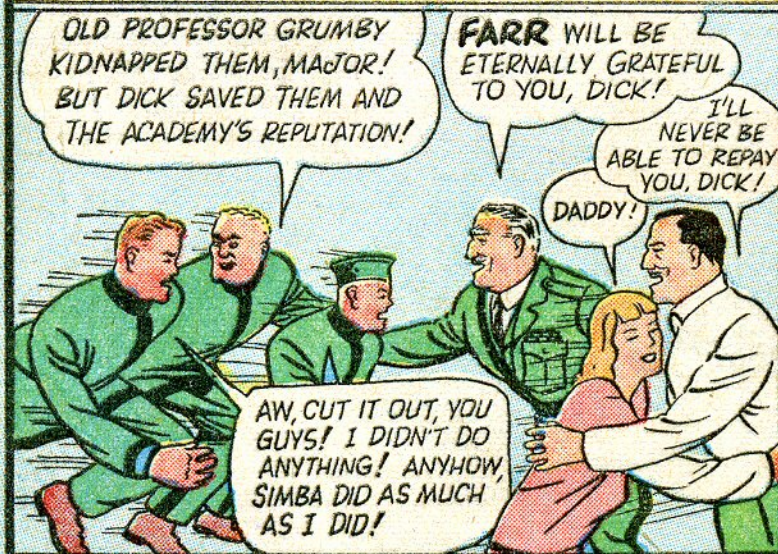
MEANWHILE, MAJOR FARR IS IN  
HIS OFFICE, A SORROWFUL LOOK  
UPON HIS KINDLY FACE!

YOUR DAUGHTER, LAURA, AND  
THE JENKINS BOY KIDNAPPED!  
THE REPUTATION OF **FARR**  
IS RUINED!



A **FARR** MAN NEVER  
GIVES UP UNTIL THE LAST  
WHISTLE IS BLOWN,  
**MAJOR!**

SUDDENLY, DICK COLE RUSHES INTO THE MAJOR'S  
OFFICE, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY LAURA, JENKINS, AND SIMBA.



OLD PROFESSOR GRUMBY  
KIDNAPPED THEM, MAJOR!  
BUT DICK SAVED THEM AND  
THE ACADEMY'S REPUTATION!

**FARR** WILL BE  
ETERNALLY GRATEFUL  
TO YOU, DICK!

I'LL  
NEVER BE  
ABLE TO REPAY  
YOU, DICK!

DADDY!

AW, CUT IT OUT, YOU  
GUYS! I DIDN'T DO  
ANYTHING! ANYHOW,  
SIMBA DID AS MUCH  
AS I DID!

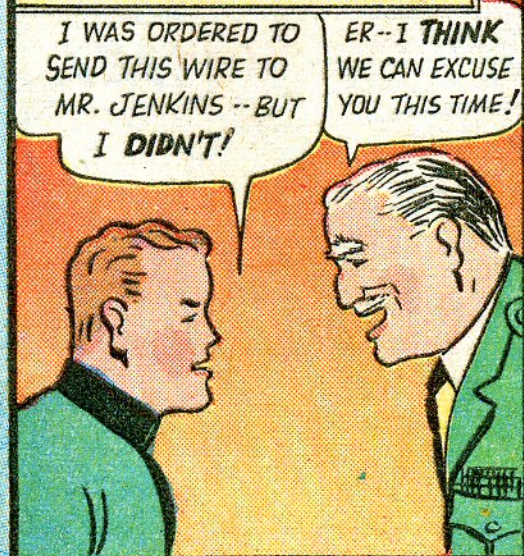
AFTER EXPLANATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE,  
MAJOR FARR EXTENDS HIS HAND TO DICK.



IF NOT FOR CADETS LIKE YOU,  
AMERICA WOULD NOT BE THE  
GREAT LAND IT IS!

NO, MAJOR, I  
REALLY WASN'T A  
GOOD CADET --- I  
DIOBEYED MY  
COMMANDER'S  
ORDERS!

BUT DICK'S CONFESSION BRINGS A  
ROUND OF LAUGHTER.



I WAS ORDERED TO  
SEND THIS WIRE TO  
MR. JENKINS -- BUT  
I DIDN'T!

ER--I THINK  
WE CAN EXCUSE  
YOU THIS TIME!

GEE, THE MAJOR'S  
A SWELL  
GUY!

AND LAURA'S  
A SWELL  
GIRL!

EH, DICK?



WELL, I THINK YOU'RE  
BOTH PRETTY SWELL!

**YESSIR!** AND  
**DICK COLE**  
WILL BE BACK  
NEXT MONTH  
WITH ANOTHER  
**SWELL**  
**STORY...**

Plus  
**A BIG**  
**SURPRISE!**



# SUB-ZERO

**I**T'S A 70-MILE-AN-HOUR  
RACE AGAINST TIME --  
AND **SABOTAGE!**  
WHEN **SUB-ZERO** AND HIS  
PAL **FREEZUM** HIT THE  
ROAD TO SOLVE A MYSTERY!

**SUB-ZERO** AND **FREEZUM**  
ARE ENJOYING A RIDE IN  
THE COUNTRY, WHEN ---

WOW!  
LOOKUM!  
TRUCK  
WHIZZUM  
BY!

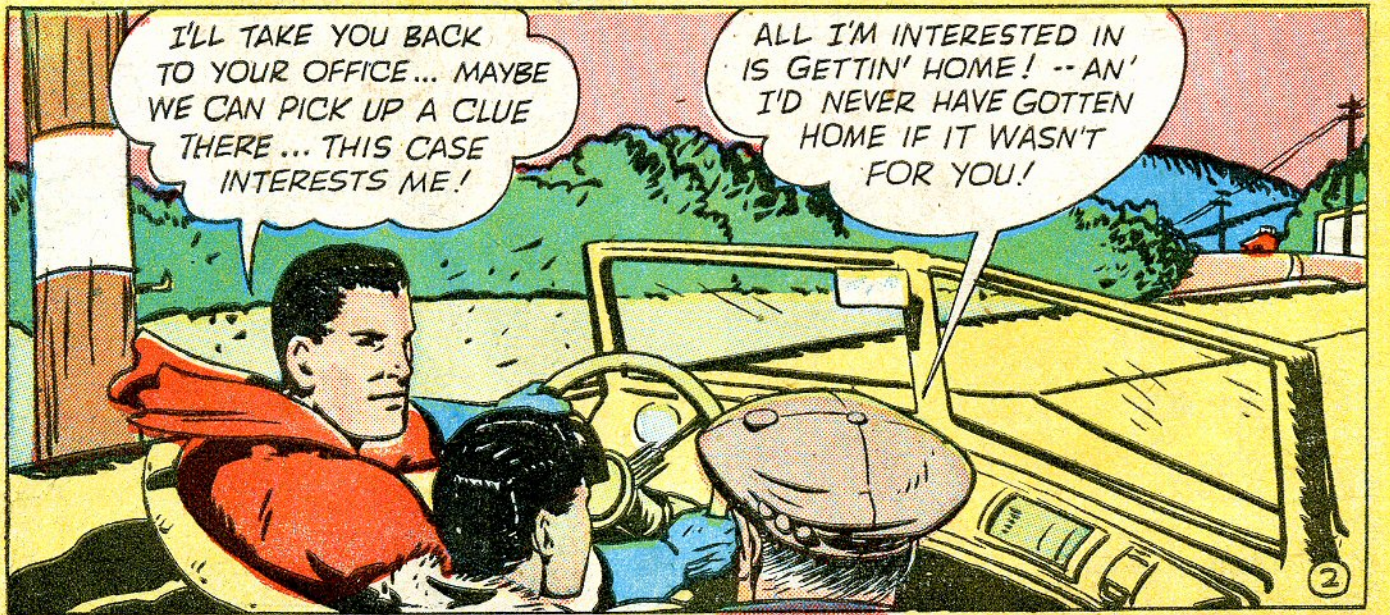
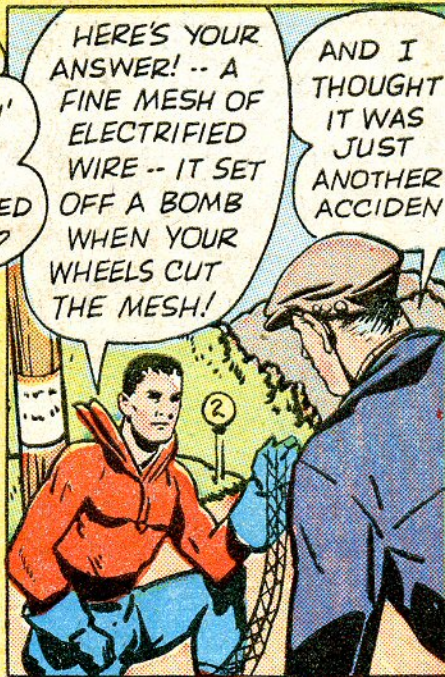
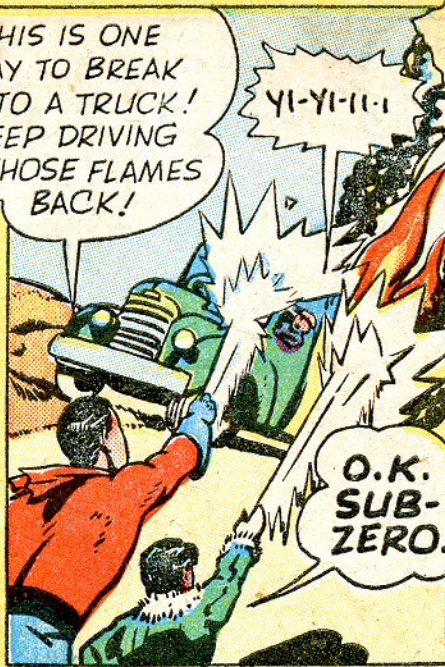
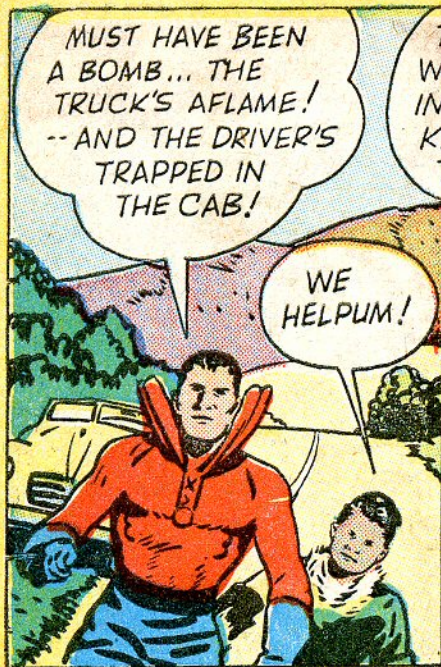
THOSE TRUCK  
COMPANIES WORK  
ON SCHEDULES --  
-- THEY HAVE TO  
MAKE SPEED!

?

BLAM!

YEOW!







AT THE MAIN GARAGE OF THE P. & A. TRUCKING CO....

THIS IS MR. REEVES, PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY, AND MR. THOMPSON, THE OFFICE MANAGER.

GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. REEVES!

I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, **SUB-ZERO** -- MAYBE YOU CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THESE ACCIDENTS!

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE -- FOREIGN AGENTS SABOTAGING DEFENSE LOADS!

LET ME SEE A LIST OF YOUR TRIP SCHEDULES -- THEY MAY SHED SOME LIGHT!

THEY MAY -- BUT I DOUBT IT!

YOU CAN NEVER TELL, THOMPSON! -- SUPPOSE YOU ACCOMPANY ME TO MY OFFICE, **SUB-ZERO**.

THIS LIST SHOWS THAT MOST OF THE TRUCKS DAMAGED IN PHONEY ACCIDENTS CARRIED NOTHING BUT COMMERCIAL CARGOES. WHO'S YOUR CHIEF COMPETITOR?

THE CORNWELL HAULAGE CO.

I RECENTLY UNDERBID THEM FOR A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT -- BUT, IF THIS SABOTAGE KEEPS UP, THEY'RE LIABLE TO LAND THE CONTRACT.

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT. ASSIGN ME TO ONE OF YOUR TRUCKS AS A DRIVER -- MAYBE THAT'LL HELP CRACK THE CASE.

BETTER WATCH OUT **YOU** DON'T GET CRACKED! YOU'RE TAKING ON A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT!

WE LIVE-UM ON DANGER, MR. THOMPSON!

WATCH THAT CARGO -- IT'S FULL OF FRESH MEAT -- I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL!

TOO BADUM NO STOVE -- GET HUNGRY -- COOK NICE ROAST -- YUM, YUM!

THE TRIP STARTS... AHEAD LIE NIGHT... THE ROAD... AND MYSTERY!

HERE WE GO!

?



Later...

HMM ... MIGHTY  
HOTUM FOR REFRIGERATOR  
TRUCKUM ... ME BETTER  
TELLUM **SUB-ZERO!** ...

THAT SURE IS  
QUEER! ... GLAD  
YOU WARNED ME!

NO WONDER  
IT GOT WARM  
IN HERE! ...  
A PIECE OF  
REFRIGERATOR  
PIPE HAS BEEN  
SAWED AWAY!

MAYBE WE'LL  
FIND JUST HOW --  
AH! -- A BROKEN  
HACK-SAW  
BLADE!

WE'LL KEEP IT  
FOR FURTHER  
REFERENCE! ...  
NOW TO KEEP OUR  
CARGO FROM  
SPOILING!

THAT'S  
PUTTING THE  
BACON ON ICE!  
YOUR JOB'LL BE  
TO KEEP IT THAT  
WAY TILL WE  
GET TO OUR  
DESTINATION!

RIGHTUM!

Meanwhile...

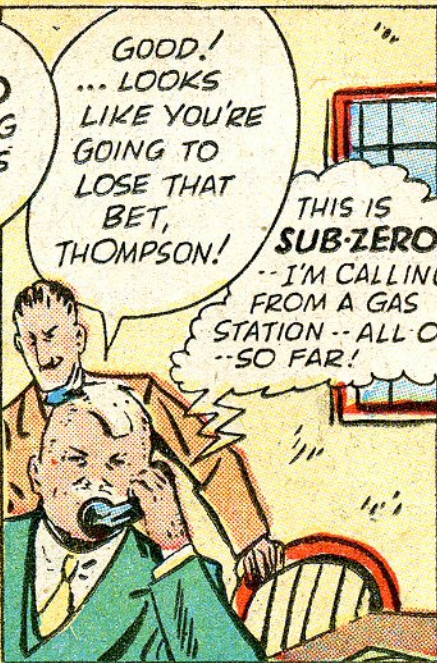
I FEEL CONFIDENT  
**SUB-ZERO** WILL GET  
TO HIS DESTINATION  
SAFELY ...

I DON'T! ...  
IN FACT, I'M  
WILLING TO BET  
HE WON'T!





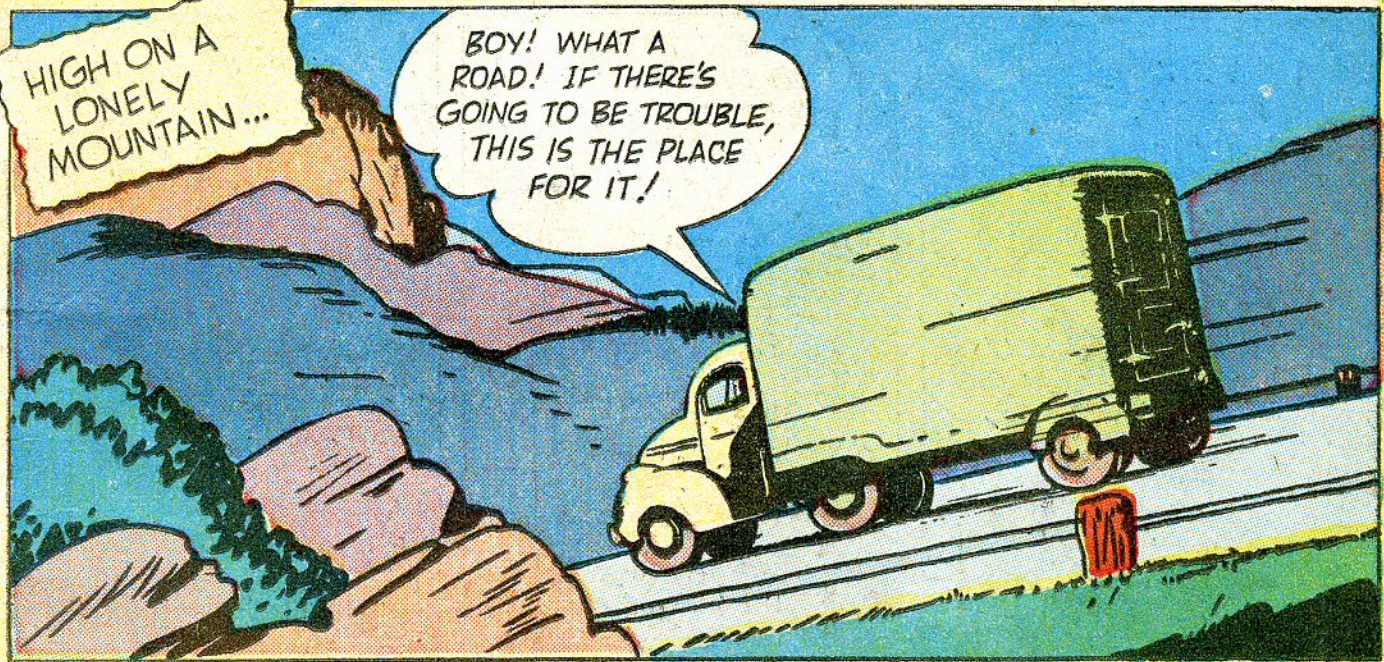
PROBABLY **SUB-ZERO** --REPORTING THE TRUCK'S WRECKED!



THIS IS **SUB-ZERO!** -- I'M CALLING FROM A GAS STATION -- ALL O.K. -- SO FAR!

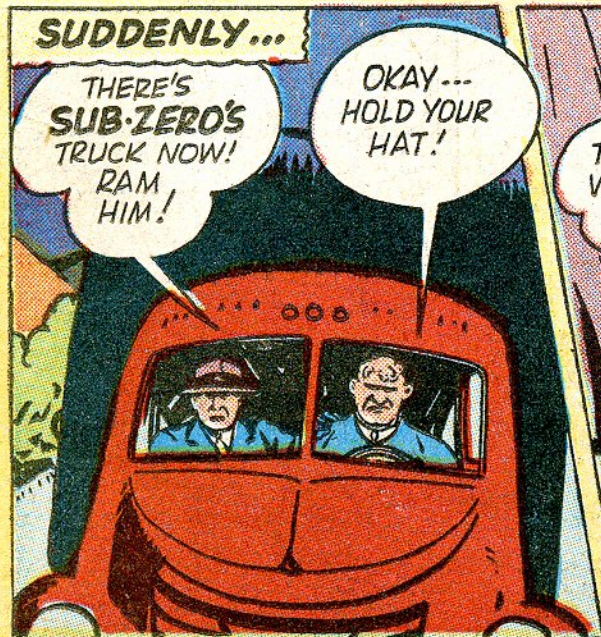


THE TRIP ISN'T OVER -- WAIT!



HIGH ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN...

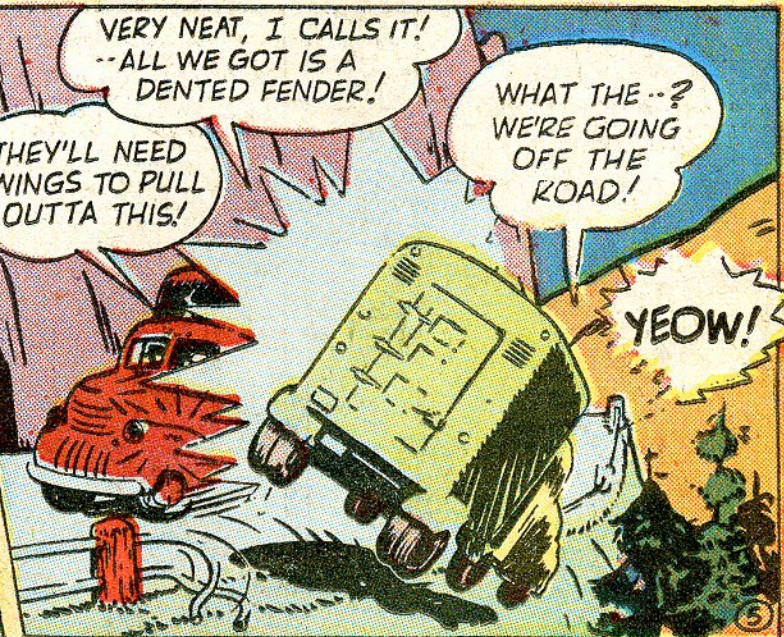
BOY! WHAT A ROAD! IF THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE, THIS IS THE PLACE FOR IT!



**SUDDENLY...**

THERE'S **SUB-ZERO'S** TRUCK NOW! RAM HIM!

OKAY... HOLD YOUR HAT!



VERY NEAT, I CALLS IT! -- ALL WE GOT IS A DENTED FENDER!

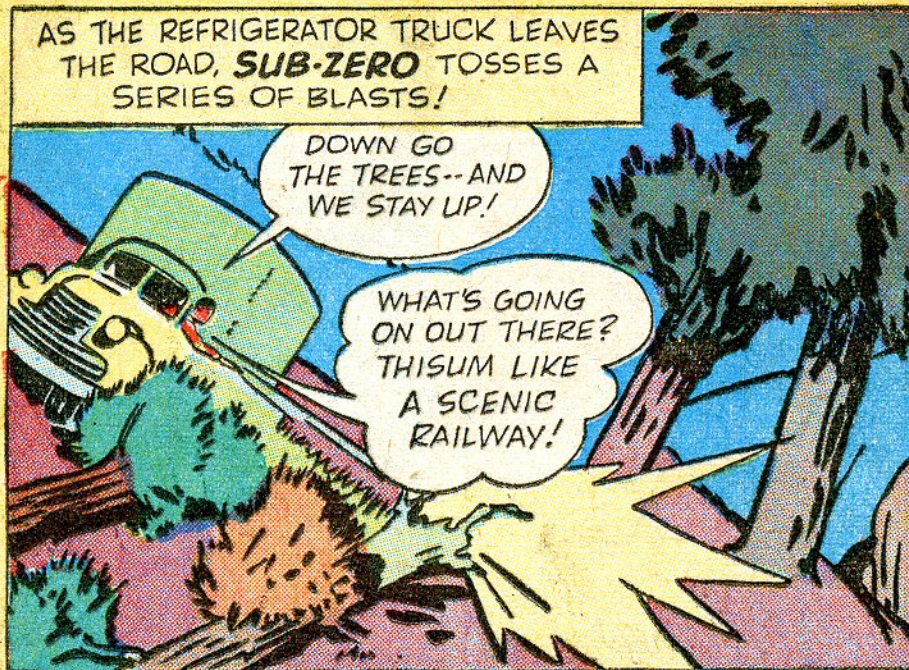
THEY'LL NEED WINGS TO PULL OUTTA THIS!

WHAT THE --? WE'RE GOING OFF THE ROAD!

YEOW!



AS THE REFRIGERATOR TRUCK LEAVES THE ROAD, **SUB-ZERO** TOSSES A SERIES OF BLASTS!



DOWN GO THE TREES-- AND WE STAY UP!

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE? THISUM LIKE A SCENIC RAILWAY!

NOW TO CLEAR AWAY THE TREES GRADUALLY, SO WE CAN DESCEND SLOWLY TO THE VALLEY!



A BIT ROUGH, BUT IT WORKS!



SAFE! NOW TO DELIVER THE LOAD AND RETURN TO THE GARAGE!



LATER...

BACK ALREADY? MR. REEVES WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR IT!

THE REAR'S DAMAGED A BIT-- A LITTLE ACCIDENT EN ROUTE!



CAUTIOUSLY, **SUB-ZERO** ENTERS THE GARAGE OFFICE!

NOW WHATUM?

JUST PLAYING A LITTLE HUNCH. I WANT TO SEARCH SOME OF THOSE DESKS!



REMEMBER THAT BROKEN BLADE I FOUND ON THE TRUCK? THEY WERE MADE TO FIT THIS HACK-SAW!

BUT WHOSE IS IT?



WHAT ARE YOU TWO SNOOPERS DOING AT MY DESK?

THANKS FOR TELLING US WHOSE DESK IT IS!... NOW WE KNOW, THOMPSON, WHO'S BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSING REEVES!





SUDDENLY ... THOMPSON WHIPS OUT A BOMB -- AND THROWS IT!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

YOU BLASTUM BOMB JUST IN TIME! ... **WOW!**

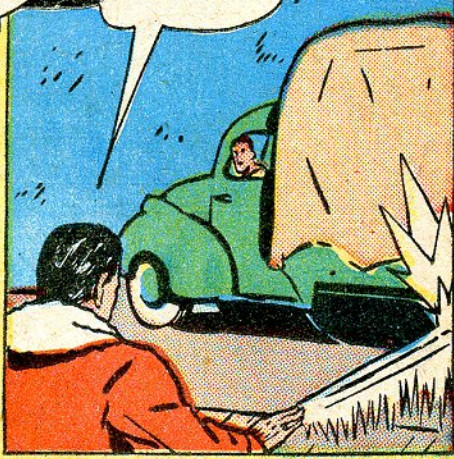


THOMPSON DARTS INTO THE GARAGE ...

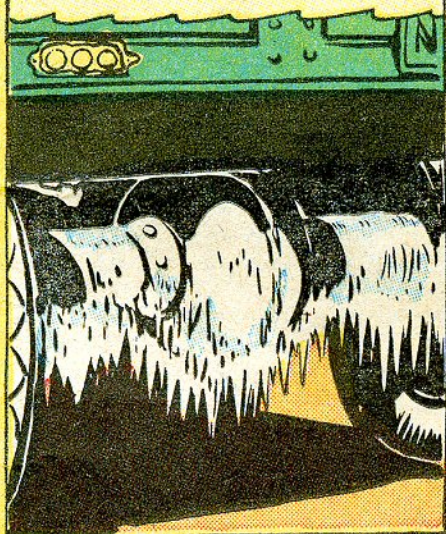
THE ZIGZAGGING AMONG THESE TRUCKS MAKES IT HARD FOR THEM TO FREEZE ME -- BUT I CAN'T KEEP DODGING FOREVER!



HE'S BREEZING AWAY IN THAT TRUCK -- I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM -- WITHOUT DAMAGING THE TRUCK!

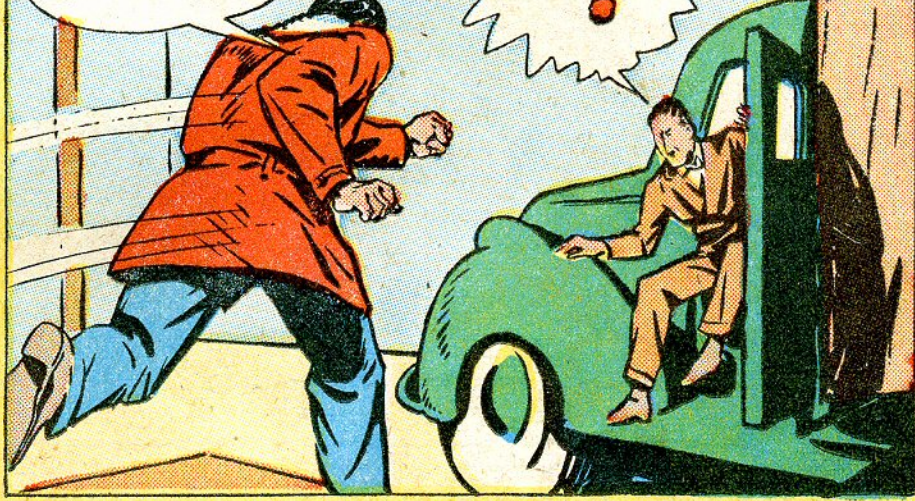


MAN-MADE ICE FORMS ON THE AXLE OF THE FLEEING TRUCK ... IT SLOWS DOWN!



I STOPPED THE TRUCK ... NOW TO STOP THOMPSON!

?



THIS OUGHT TO PUT THE BRAKES ON YOU!

UGH-H!



I-I'LL TALK! THE CORNWELL CROWD BRIBED ME TO SABOTAGE OUR TRUCKS!

YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THIS DOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE FOR THE D.A.'S OFFICE!



LATER ...

THOMPSON AND THE CORNWELL MOB ARE IN THE JUG -- AND I'VE STILL GOT MY CONTRACT, THANKS TO YOU BOYS!

IT WAS A PLEASURE!

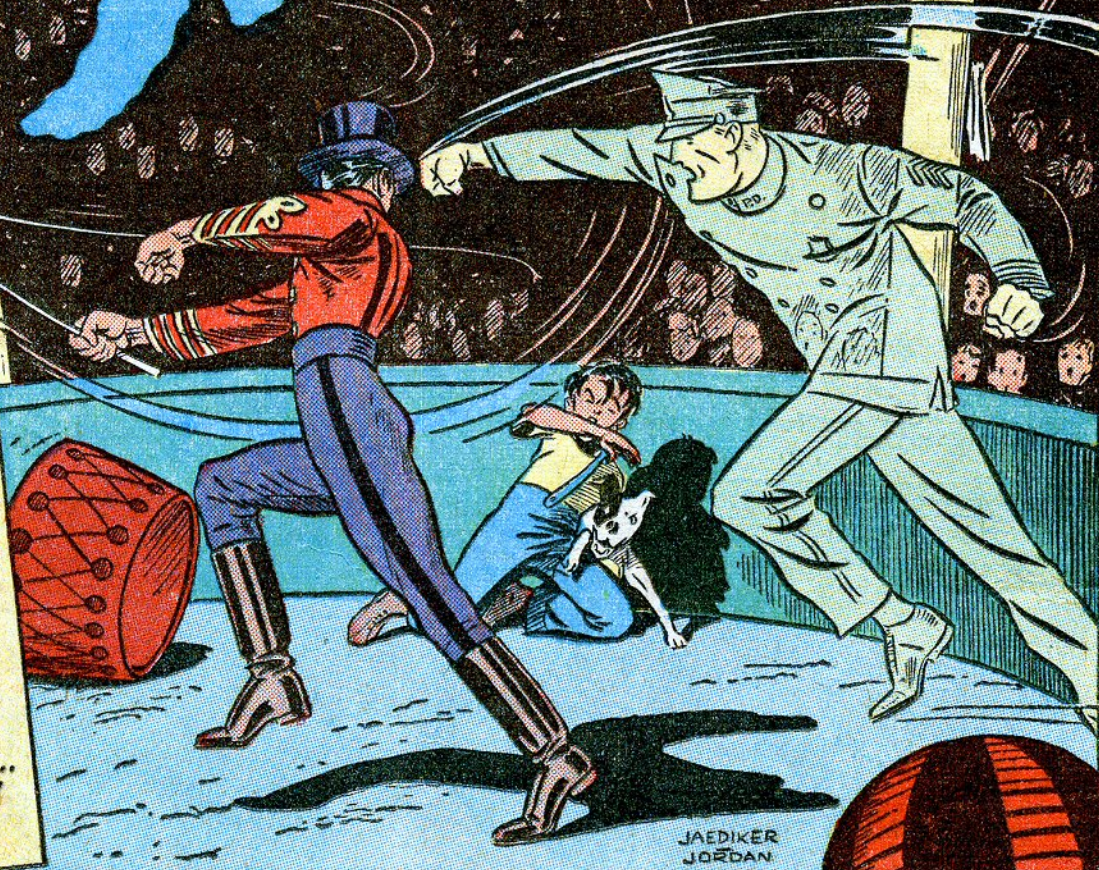


**SUB-ZERO** AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND, **FREEZUM**, CHILL A NEW CRIME IN ANOTHER ICY ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!



# Sergeant Spook

**S**ERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY CALLED THE PUP "BOZO" -BUT HIS NAME, AS THEY DISCOVERED, SHOULD HAVE BEEN "TROUBLE"... -BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HE STARTED... AND PLENTY OF IT!

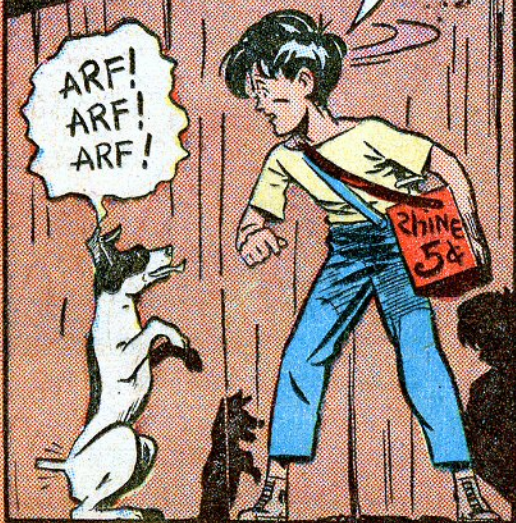


JAEDIKER JORDAN

**B**OY MEETS DOG!...

WHAT THE...? A MUTT!

ARF!  
ARF!  
ARF!

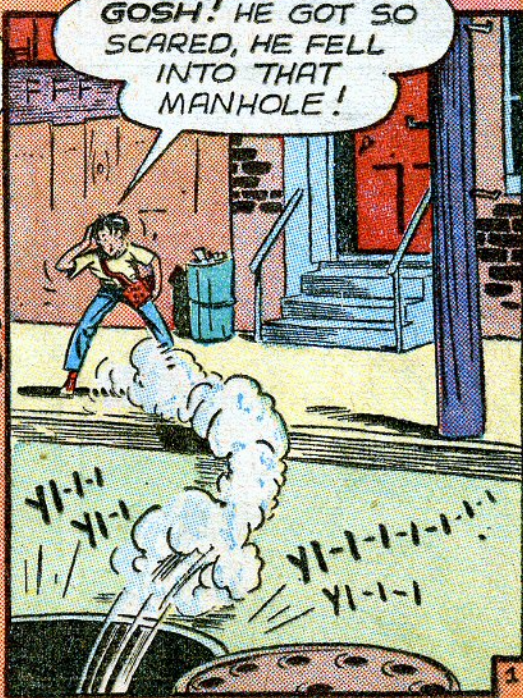


SCRAM, PEST!

UURP!



GOSH! HE GOT SO SCARED, HE FELL INTO THAT MANHOLE!







HE AIN'T HURT, ANY-  
WAY... BUT, HOW AM I  
GONNA GET HIM OUT?

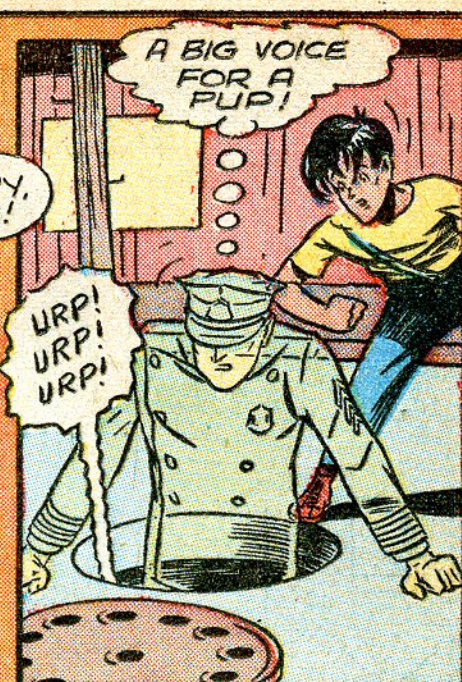
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER,  
JERRY?

UR-RP!  
URP!!  
URP!



HI'YE SARGE!...I  
NEED HELP! A MUTT  
FELL INTO THIS HOLE,  
AND...

DON'T WORRY,  
I'LL GET HIM!



A BIG VOICE  
FOR A  
PUP!

URP!  
URP!  
URP!



HE DOESN'T SEE ME!  
HE'S LOOKING  
FOR JERRY!

WOOF!



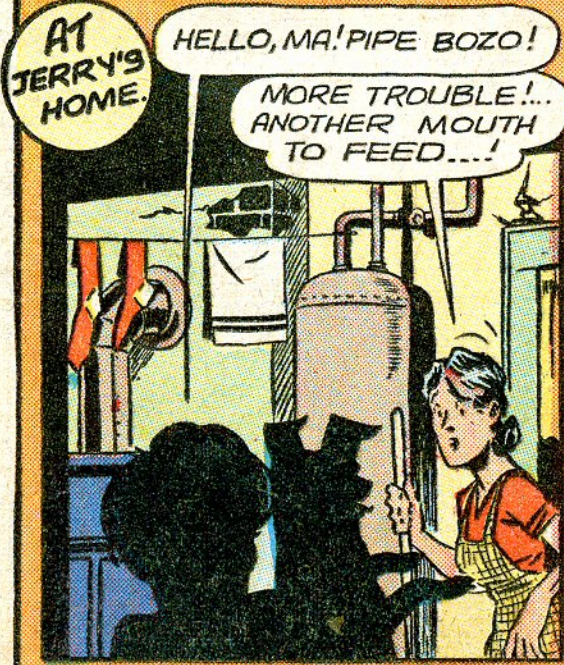
LOOK AT HIM  
WAG HIS TAIL!

HE'S HAPPY!  
C'MERE MUTT...



T'ANKS SPOOK...  
I'LL CALL HIM BOZO...  
THAT FITS HIM!

AND FEED HIM!  
LOOKS AS IF HE  
HASN'T EATEN  
IN WEEKS!



AT  
JERRY'S  
HOME.

HELLO, MA! PIPE BOZO!

MORE TROUBLE!...  
ANOTHER MOUTH  
TO FEED...!



AW, MA... LEMME  
KEEP HIM... I'LL  
SELL PAPERS  
AFTER SCHOOL  
TO FEED HIM!



WELL...  
ALL RIGHT...

HOORAY!  
ISN'T SHE A  
GREAT MOM,  
BOZO?

WOOF!  
WOOF!



JERRY OPENS A SMALL NEWSSTAND.

OKAY, BOZO... DO YOUR STUFF!

BOY.. LET'S HAVE A CHRONICLE!

WELL... PRETTY SMART PUP!

YEAH- HE LOINS FAST! WATCH!

SHAKE, BOZO!

?

NOW... OVER!

I COULD USE A PUP LIKE THAT... IN MY ACT!

MY NAME'S MARKELL... I WANT THAT DOG.. GIVE YOU TEN BUCKS FOR HIM!

NOT FOR A MILLION! SORRY, MISTER..

GR-R-R

WELL, IF YOU WON'T SELL HIM... I'LL TAKE HIM, ANYHOW...

HEY!

E-EUP!!

MARKELL FLEES, BUT...

I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MUCH LOWER THAN A DOG THIEF!

BAM

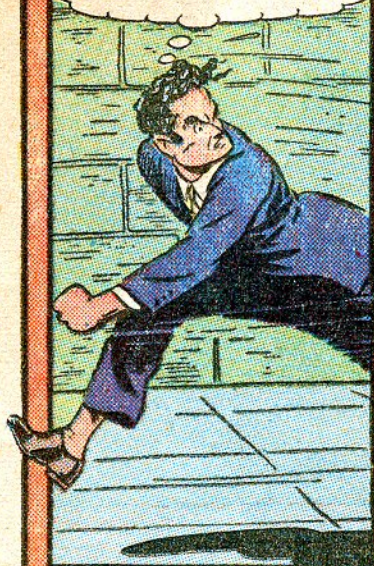
WOOF!

WHAT HIT ME? I BETTER SCRAM!

BOY... I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA LOSE HIM FER GOOD..



THERE ARE 'OTHER  
WAYS OF SKINNING  
A CAT-- OR  
SWIPING A DOG!

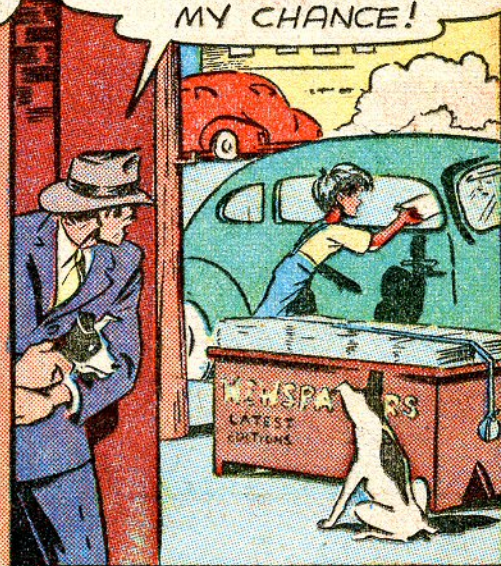


**LATER...**

THIS ONE  
IS ABOUT THE SAME  
SIZE... BUT WHITE! A  
LITTLE PAINT OUGHT  
TO FIX THAT!



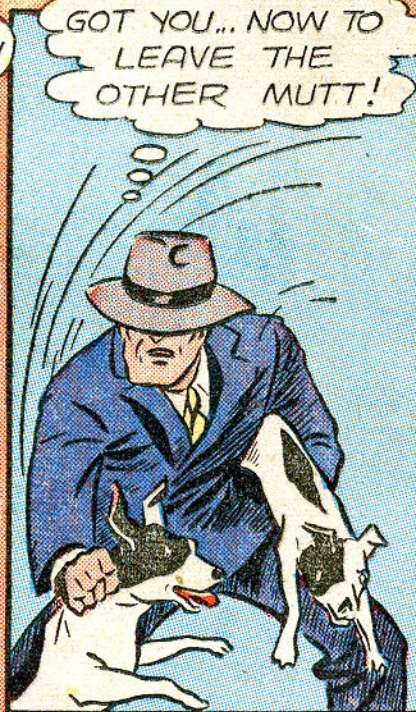
THE KID'S GONE OVER  
TO THAT CAR... NOW'S  
MY CHANCE!



HERE, MUTT...  
A FRANKFURTER!



GOT YOU... NOW TO  
LEAVE THE  
OTHER MUTT!



DAT MAN! HEY!  
DROP DAT  
DOG!



WITH  
PLEASURE--

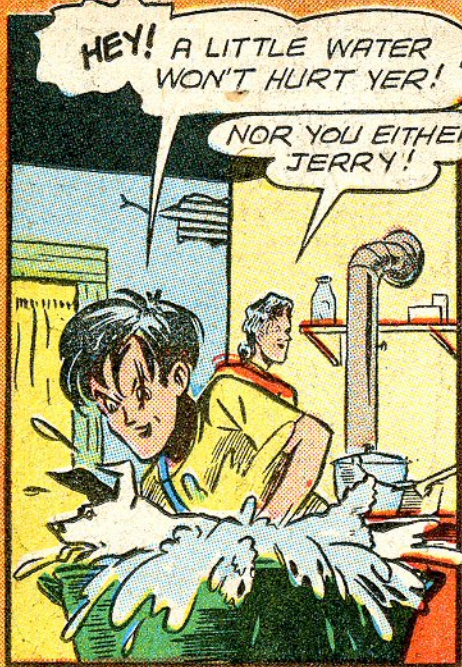
HE GOT AWAY!... BUT,  
HE DIDN'T GET  
YOU, BOZO!



WHAT'S A MATTER? -NO PEP!  
MAYBE A NICE BATH'LL  
SNAP YOU OUT OF IT!







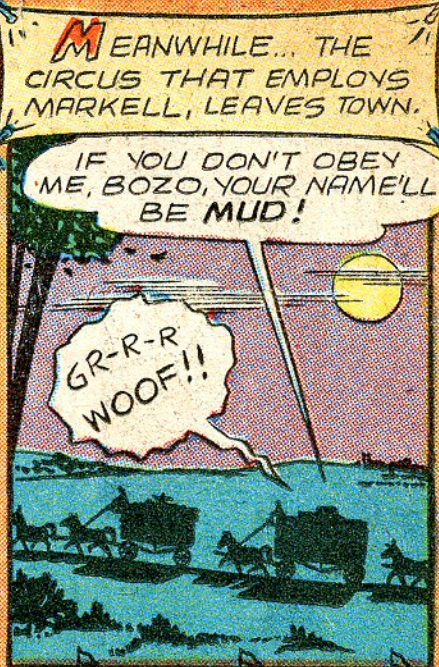
HEY! A LITTLE WATER WON'T HURT YER!

NOR YOU EITHER, JERRY!



MOM! PAINT! THIS AIN'T BOZO!

SOME ONE TRICKED YOU... PROBABLY THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BUY HIM!



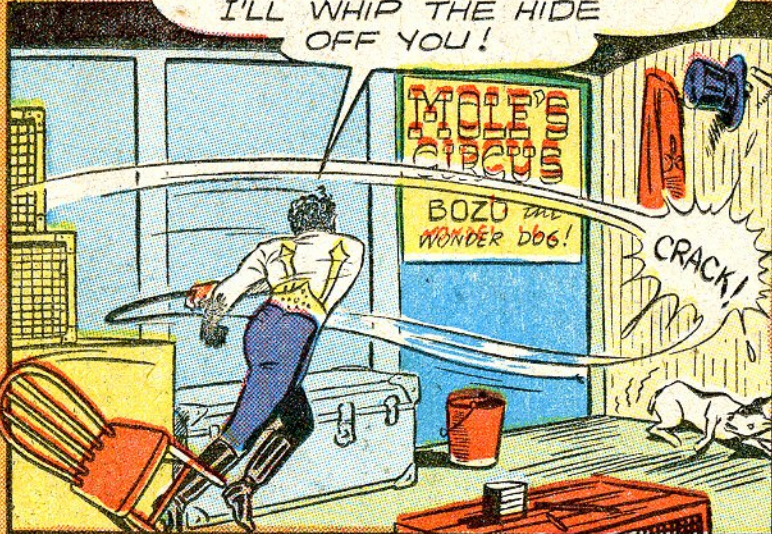
MEANWHILE... THE CIRCUS THAT EMPLOYS MARKELL, LEAVES TOWN.

IF YOU DON'T OBEY ME, BOZO, YOUR NAME'LL BE MUD!

GR-R-R WOOF!!

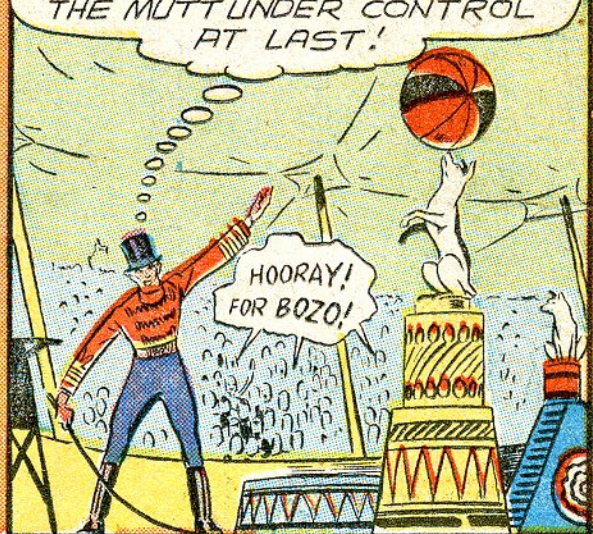
IT'S A DOG'S LIFE FOR BOZO!

YOU'LL DO WHAT I TELL YOU, OR I'LL WHIP THE HIDE OFF YOU!



THE SHOW OPENS IN A SUBURB.

AH! LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT THE MUTT UNDER CONTROL AT LAST!



MEANWHILE.

SNIFF! SNIFF! ...JUST WHEN BOZO WAS GETTIN' TO UNDERSTAND ME... SNIFF!

POOR KID!



BRACE UP! MAYBE YOU'LL FIND A CLUE TO MARKELL IN ONE OF YOUR PAPERS!

SPOOK!

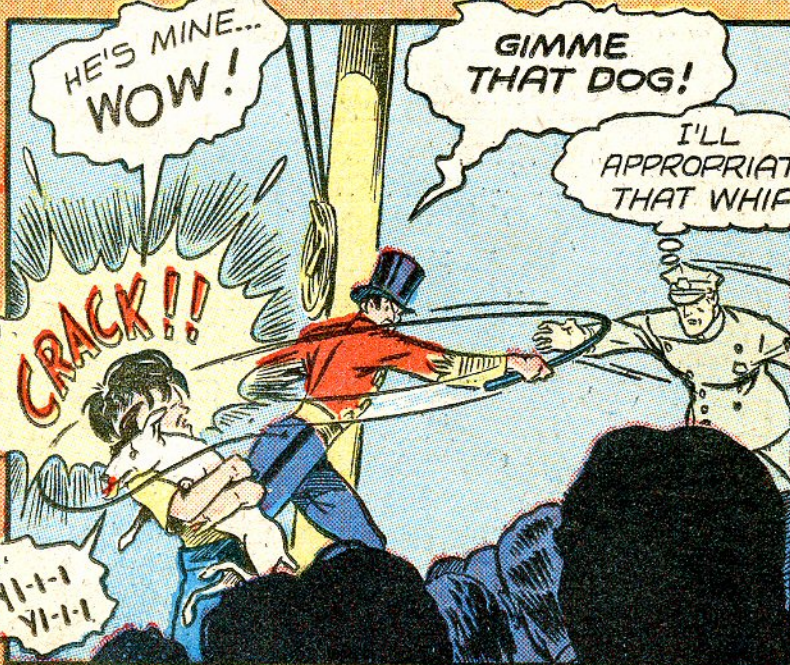
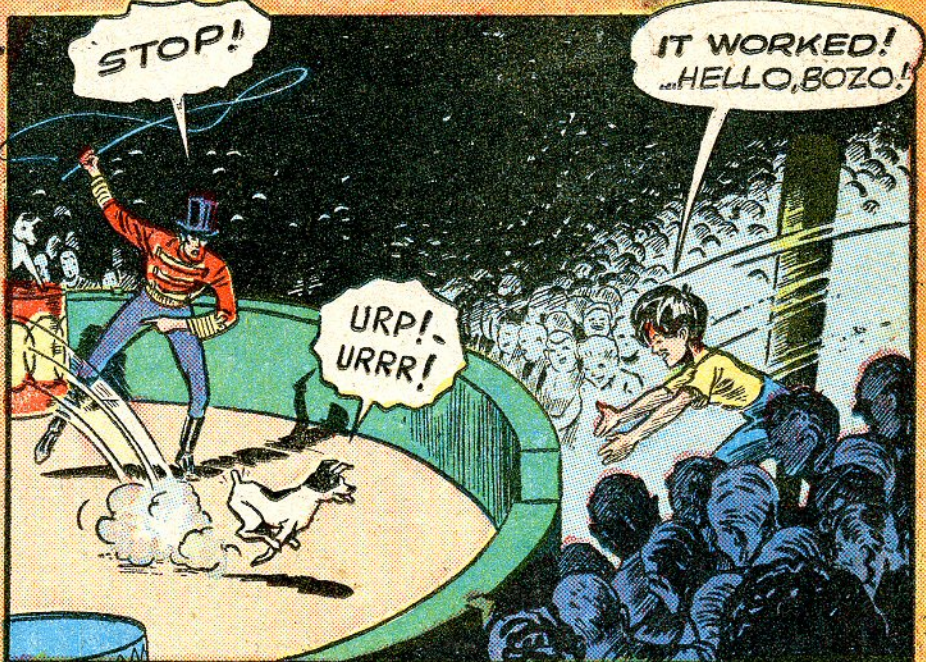
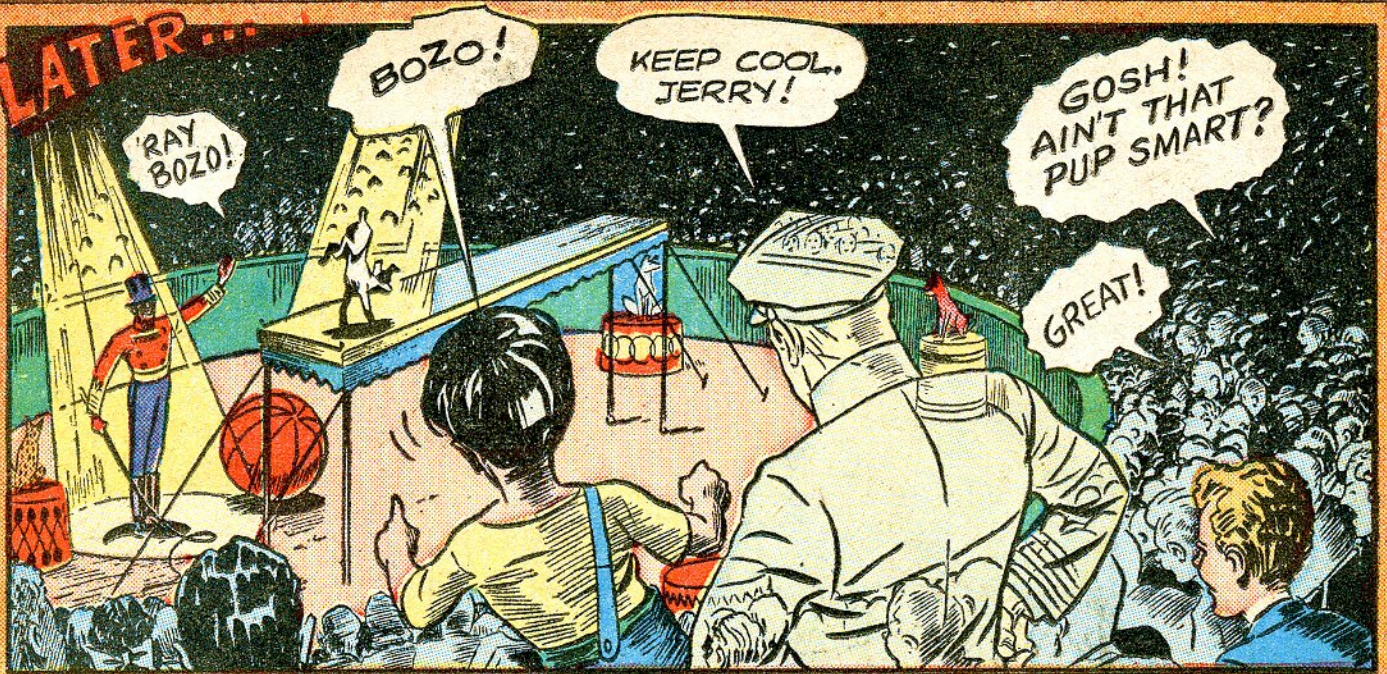


THERE'S YOUR CLUE, KID... LET'S GO!





LATER...





**A** FLESH-AND-BLOOD MINION  
OF THE LAW APPEARS!

HE STOLE  
MY DOG!

HE'S TRYING TO  
STEAL MINE!

BREAK  
IT UP...  
THERE'S ONLY  
ONE PLACE  
TO SETTLE  
THIS... IN  
COURT!

IN  
COURT.

...WE'LL LET THE  
DOG DECIDE WHO  
HIS MASTER IS...

OKAY  
BY ME!

?

HERE,  
BOZO!

COME TO ME,  
BOZO...COME,  
I SAY...

BOZO HAS DECIDED...  
HE BELONGS TO JERRY!  
THAT IS ALSO THE DECISION  
OF THIS COURT!

A  
SECOND  
SOLOMON!

-AS FOR YOU, MARKELL...  
30 DAYS IN THE COUNTY JAIL  
FOR STEALING THE DOG!

I  
PROTEST!

C'MON,  
BUM!

...AND THAT, DEAR  
READER, IS THE END  
OF OUR TALE!

...BUT NOT BOZO'S  
TAIL...LOOK AT  
IT WAG!

SERGEANT  
**SPOOK**

RETURNS  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF

**BLUE BOLT**

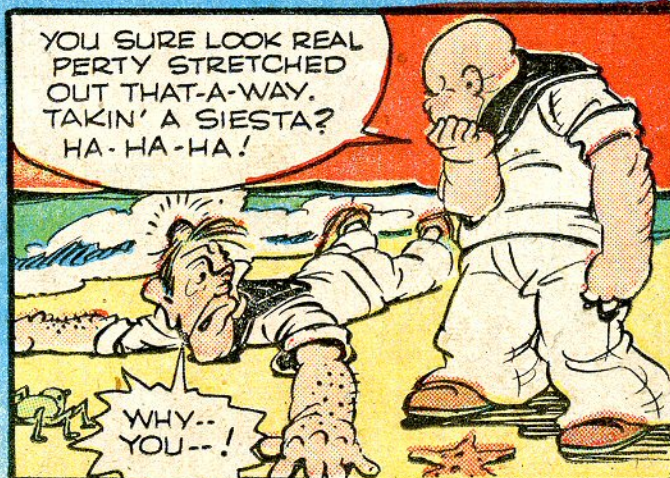
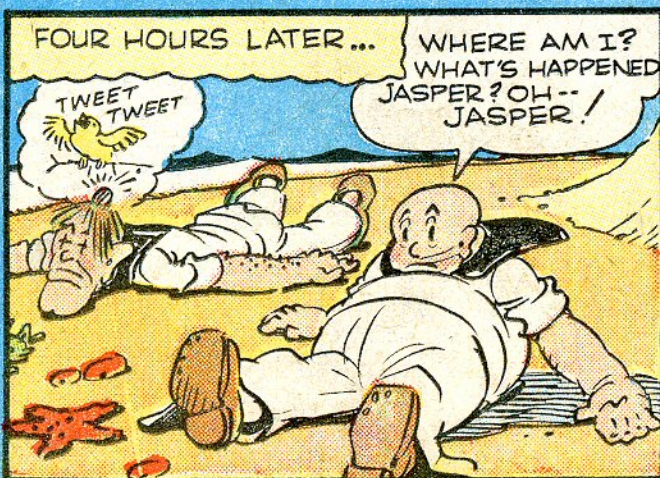
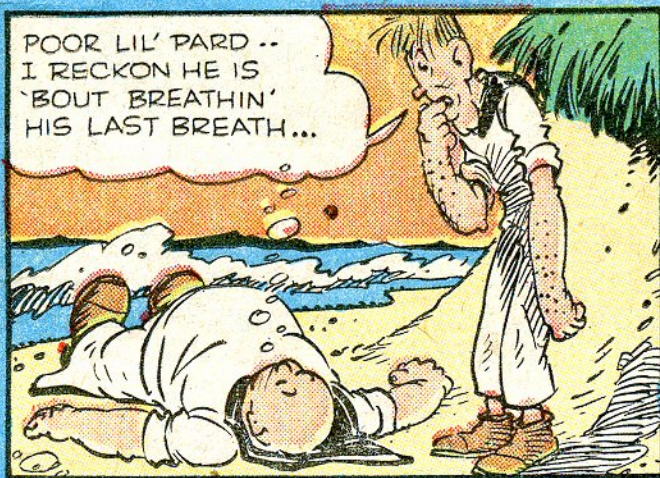
TO SLAP DOWN  
ANOTHER  
CRIMINAL  
WHO  
TRIES  
TO BEAT  
THE  
LAW!

WOOF!

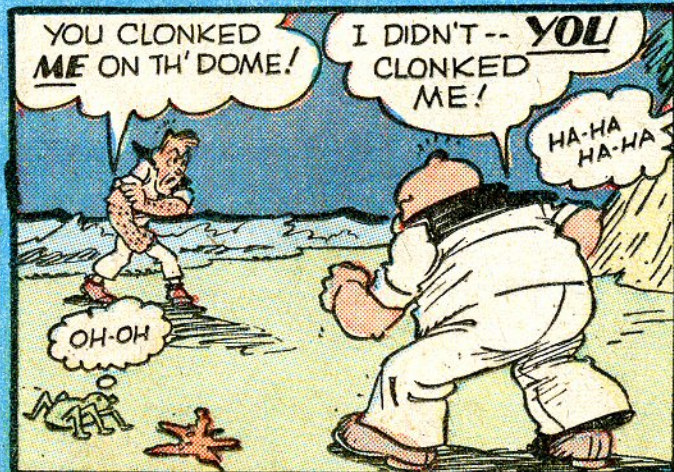
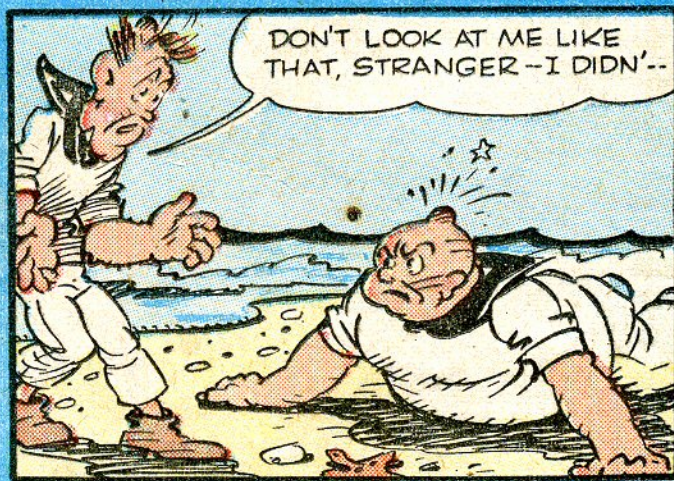
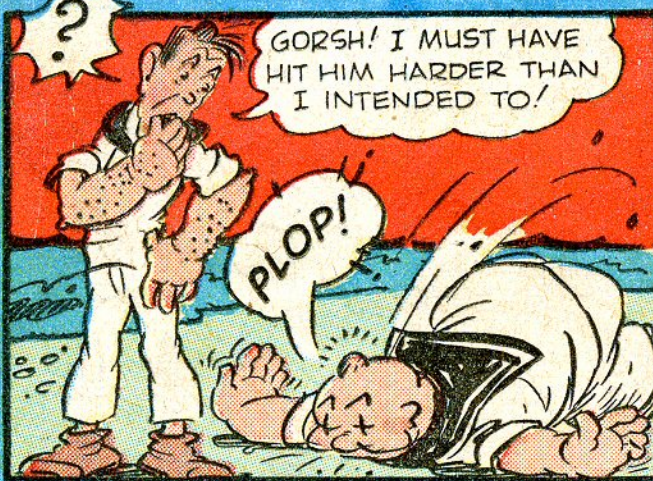
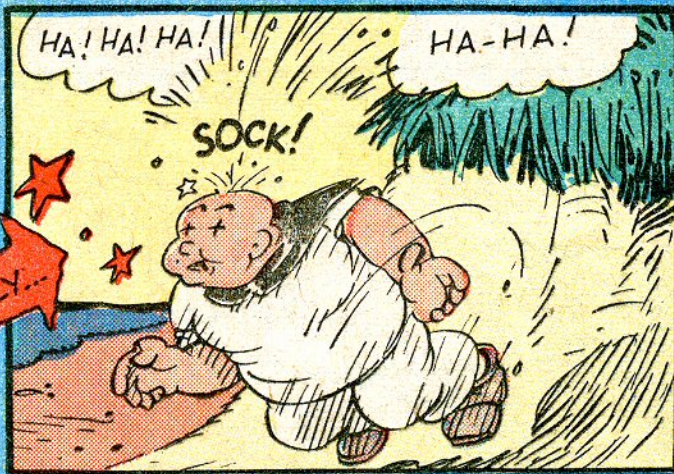
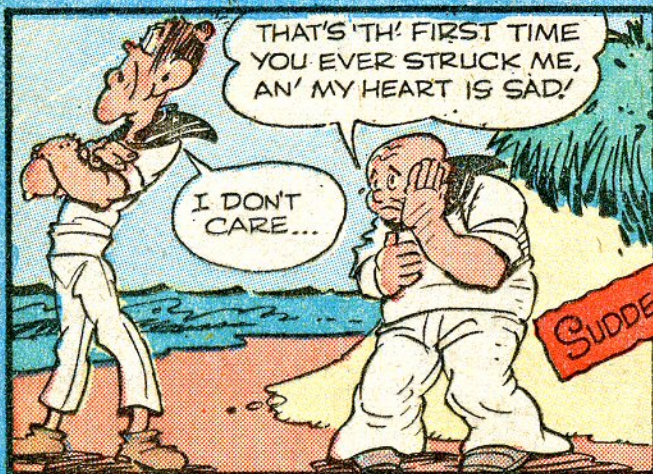
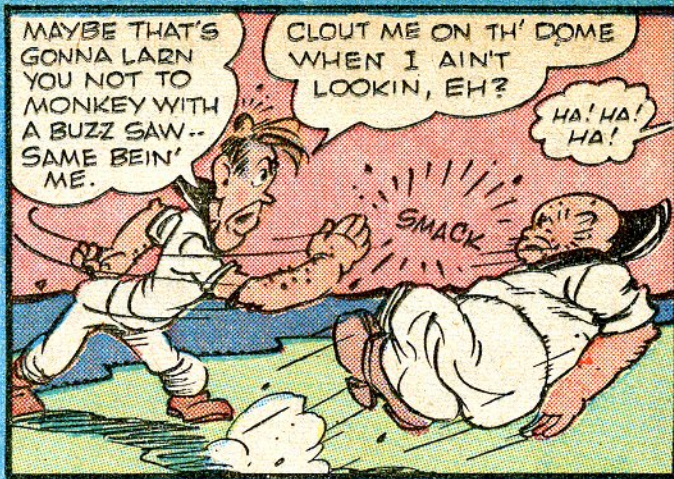
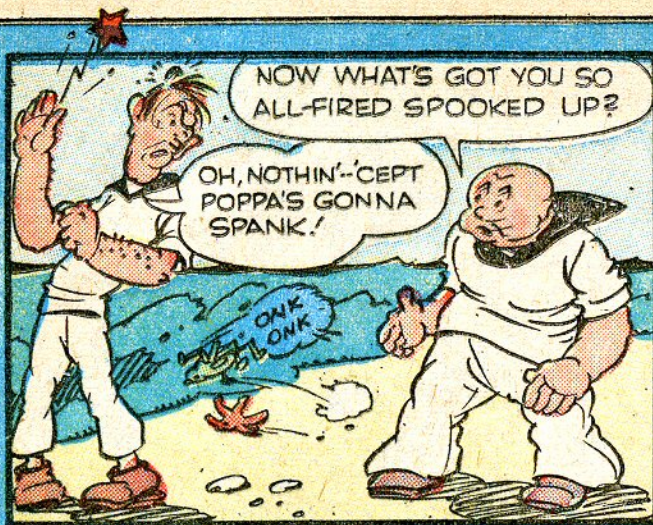


# KRISKO and JASPER

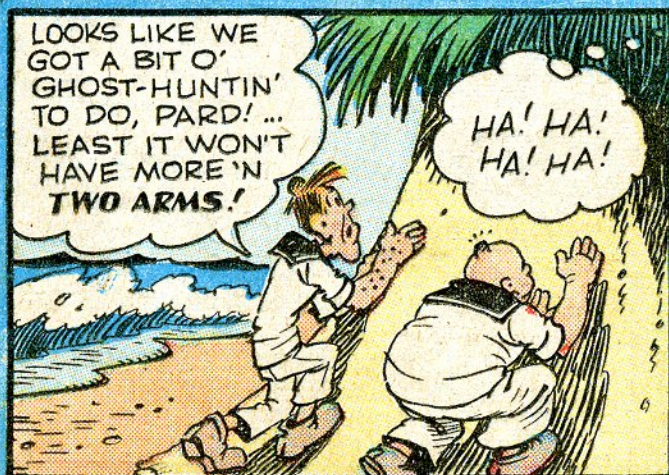
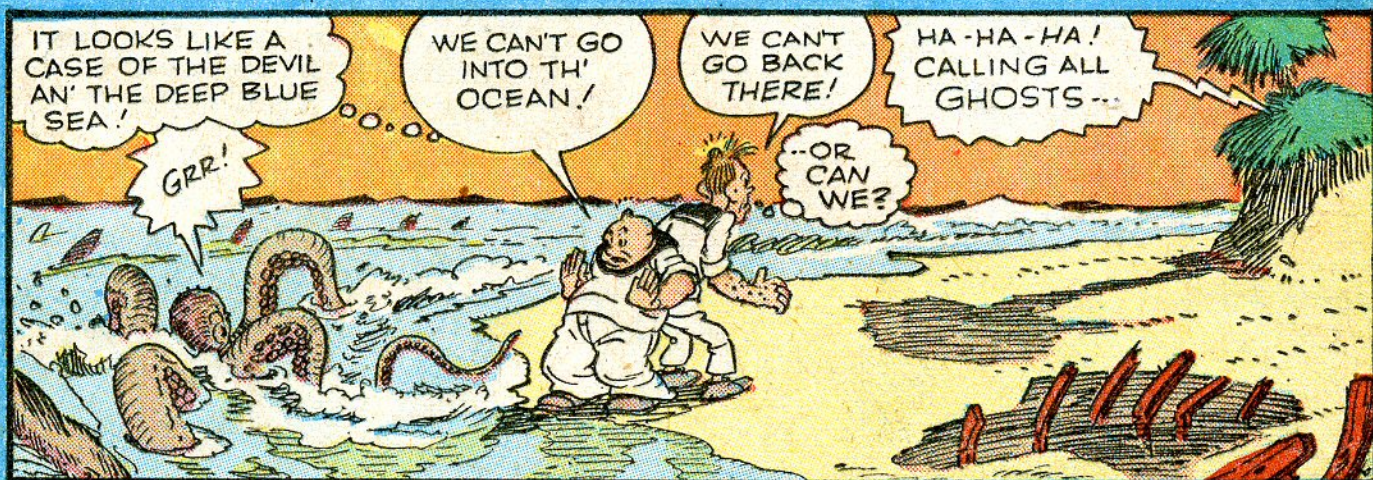
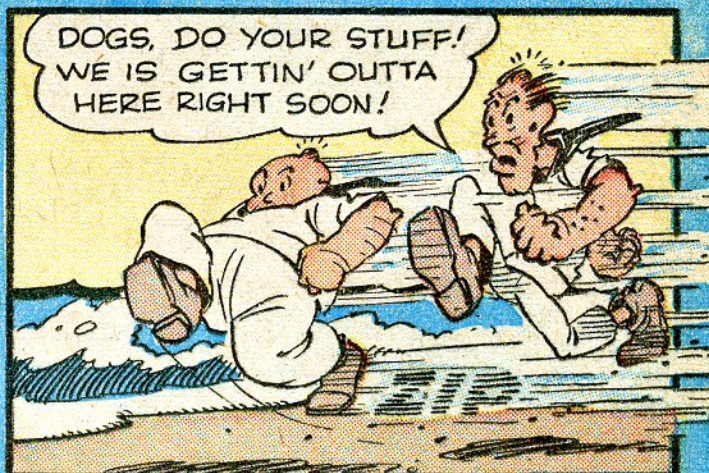
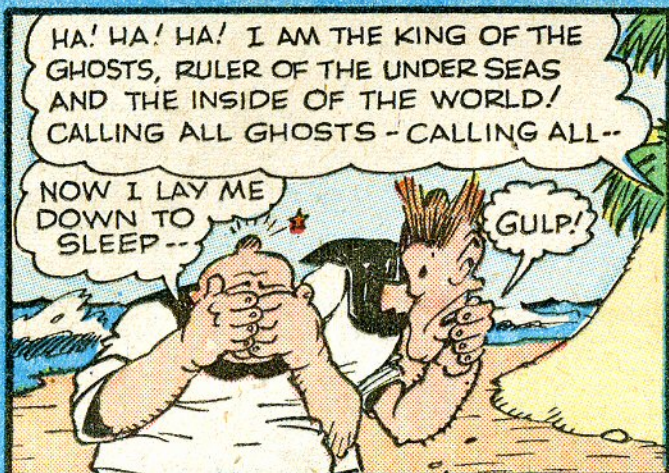
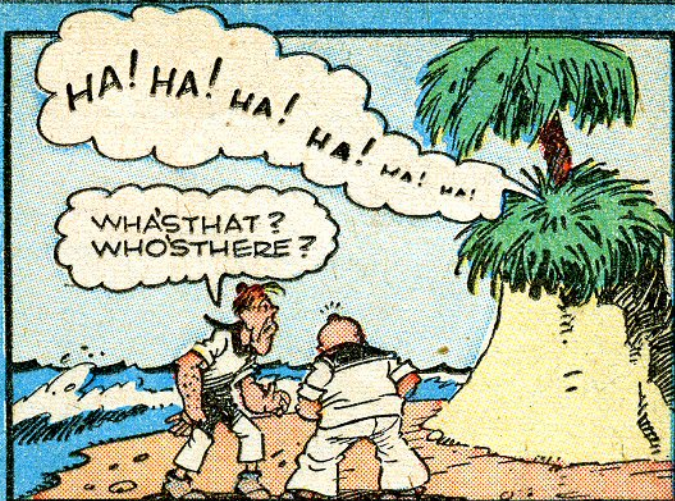
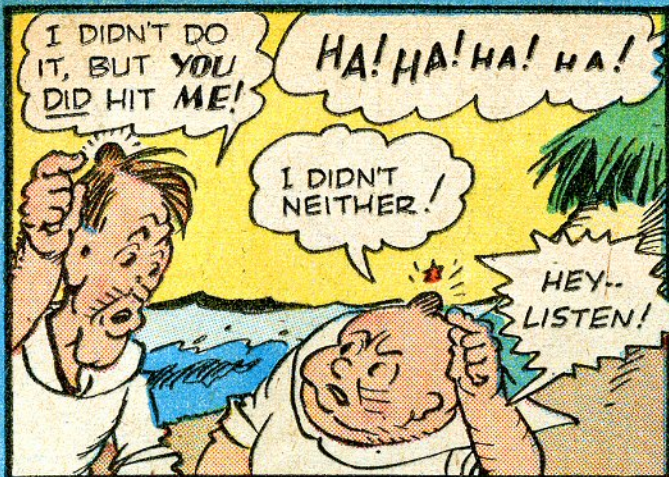
KRISKO AND JASPER HAVE BEEN BLOWN OUT OF THE SKIES FROM AN AIRPLANE INTO THE OCEAN, AND ARE NOW WASHED UP ONTO A SMALL ISLAND



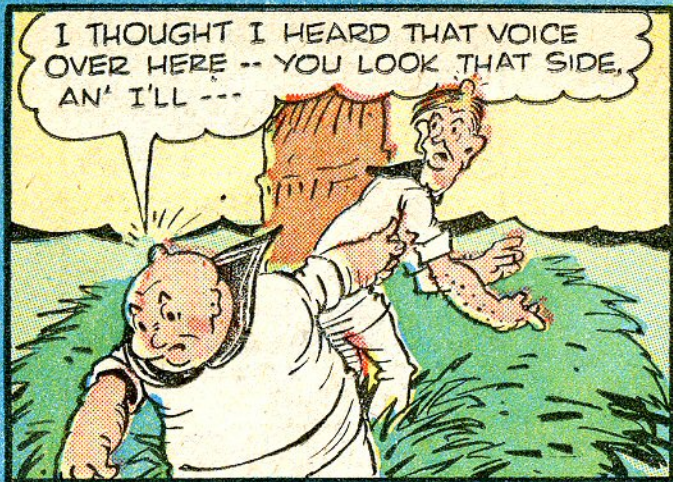




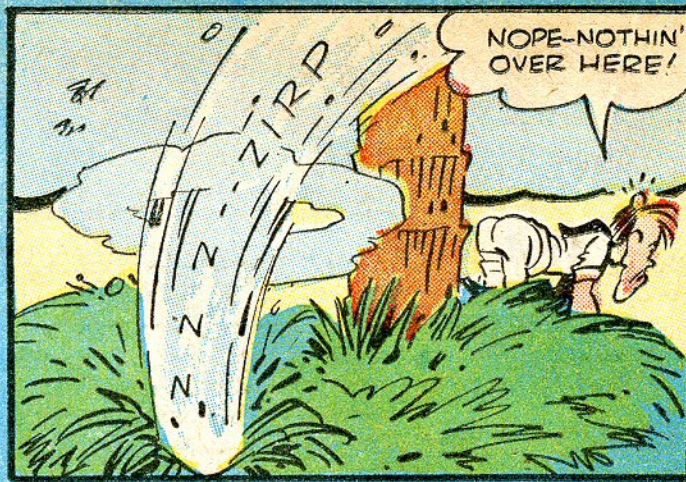




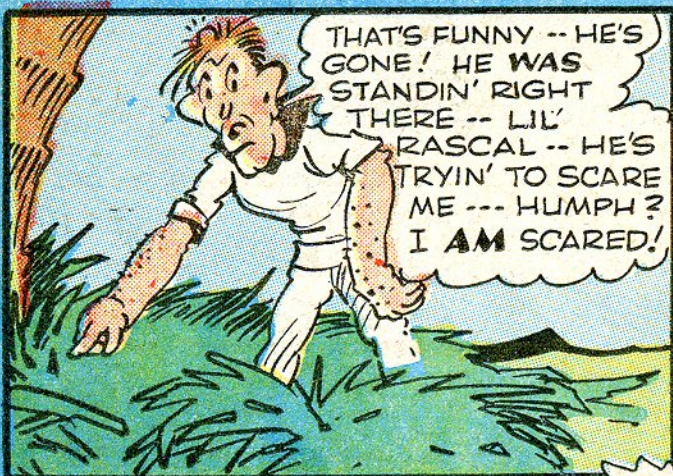




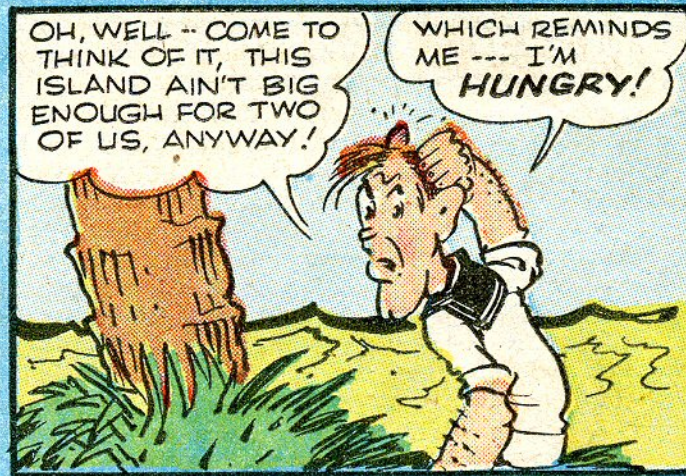
I THOUGHT I HEARD THAT VOICE OVER HERE -- YOU LOOK THAT SIDE, AN' I'LL ---



NOPE-NOTHIN' OVER HERE!

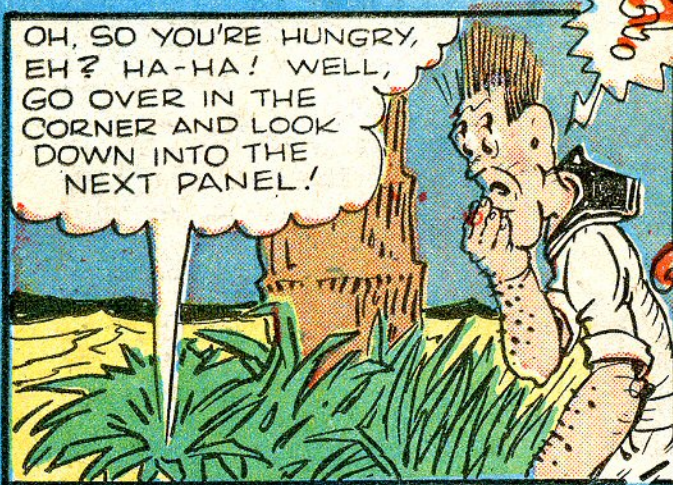


THAT'S FUNNY -- HE'S GONE! HE WAS STANDIN' RIGHT THERE -- LIL' RASCAL -- HE'S TRYIN' TO SCARE ME --- HUMPH? I AM SCARED!

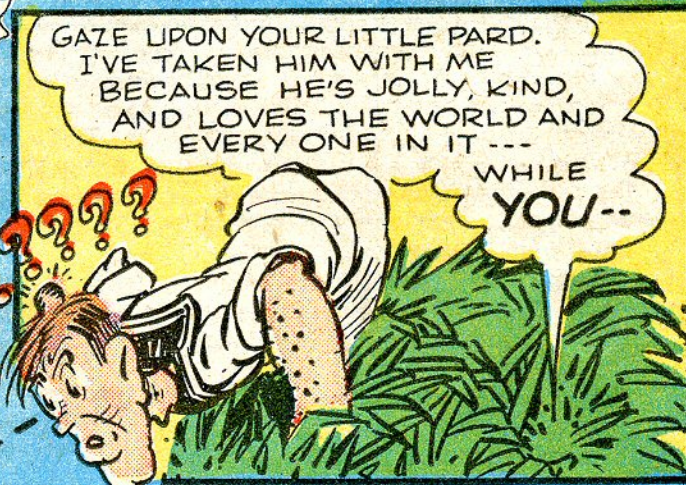


OH, WELL -- COME TO THINK OF IT, THIS ISLAND AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO OF US, ANYWAY!

WHICH REMINDS ME --- I'M **HUNGRY!**

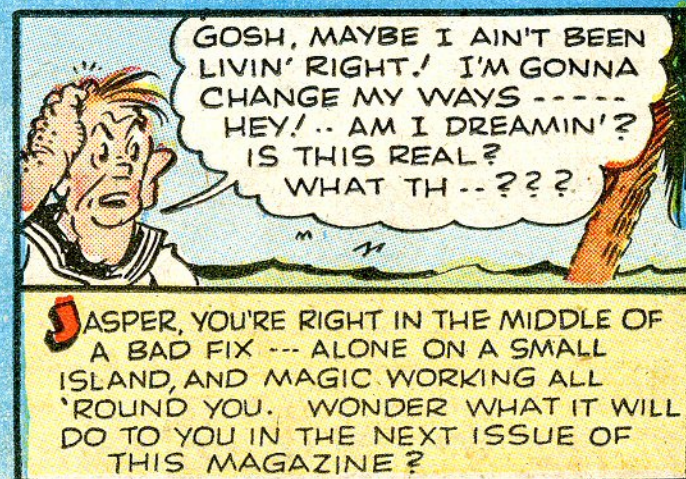
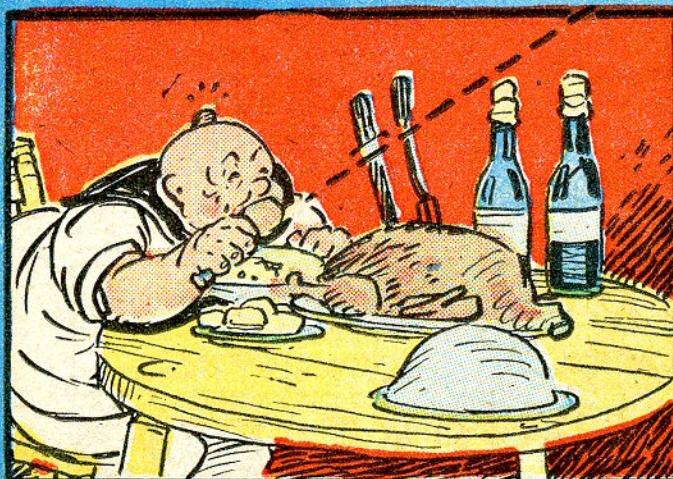


OH, SO YOU'RE HUNGRY, EH? HA-HA! WELL, GO OVER IN THE CORNER AND LOOK DOWN INTO THE NEXT PANEL!



GAZE UPON YOUR LITTLE PARD. I'VE TAKEN HIM WITH ME BECAUSE HE'S JOLLY, KIND, AND LOVES THE WORLD AND EVERY ONE IN IT ---

WHILE **YOU--**



GOSH, MAYBE I AIN'T BEEN LIVIN' RIGHT! I'M GONNA CHANGE MY WAYS ---- HEY!.. AM I DREAMIN'? IS THIS REAL? WHAT TH -- ???

**J**ASPER, YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A BAD FIX --- ALONE ON A SMALL ISLAND, AND MAGIC WORKING ALL 'ROUND YOU. WONDER WHAT IT WILL DO TO YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE?



# CHRISTOPHE

## THE BLACK EMPEROR OF HAITI

BY EUGENE L. POLLOCK

A little more than a hundred years ago, after the black slaves of the West Indian island of Haiti had beaten off their French masters, a colored general named Christophe (pronounce it Kris-toe-fay) set up a kingdom in the northern part of the country. Christophe was a stern and excellent general who had taken part in the revolution and helped to defeat the French army. Everyone feared him, as he punished with death those who disobeyed him.

One well-known story is about the building of his famous Citadel, or fort, at the top of a cliff. As there were no wagons to haul the heavy stones and the cannon up the steep mountain, the work had to be done by men. Ropes were tied about their waists and they hauled the huge pieces to the very top. One day a very heavy stone was given to the men. They pulled and pulled and could move it only a few feet at a time. Watching was Emperor Christophe, who ordered the men whipped to make them pull harder. When that didn't help, Christophe told every third man to step out of line. Thinking that the Emperor was going to give them a rest they stepped out cheerfully. Christophe called his soldiers and ordered them to shoot the men! Then he told the others that the same thing would happen to them if they didn't haul the stone faster than before! The rest used superhuman strength and finally pulled up the stone.

The Emperor formed a court made up of nobles who couldn't even write their own names. As a joke he gave them the oddest kind of names. There were the Duke and Duchess of Raspberry, the Earl of Watermelon, Baron Pumpnickel, the Count of Strawberry, Baron Tomato and many others with names that made any foreigner laugh to hear them called out at court.

One day a visitor from England was shown the Haitian Army. He saw troop after troop of soldiers march around from the back of the Emperor's palace past the reviewing stand and return. This went on for several hours and the visitor was amazed to see so many well-trained soldiers in such a little country. Each troop had a different uniform and that was where the mystery lay, for as soon as the soldiers reached the back of the palace, they changed uniforms and marched out again, making the visitor think he was watching a huge army.



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# TERROR

## IN THE GRASS By SPILLANE

**J**OE MARTIN HAD BEEN out hunting insects for his biology collection all morning, and he was dead tired. Dropping his net and bottle to the ground, he flopped down beside it and rolled over on his back. He thought over the assortment of beetles, butterflies, and spiders, and mentally figured out the way they would lie on the specimen table.

Very idly he plucked pieces of grass and bit their ends off, then reached out for another. He did not notice the little clump of white flowers that grew near by, and automatically reached his hand into their midst and pulled one up. Joe bit the end off and chewed on the stem.

His eyes popped open with surprise, for a remarkable change was coming over him—he was growing smaller, clothes and all! Struck dumb with astonishment, he couldn't utter a word, but merely watched the fields about him growing into forests of fern and grass. He scrambled to his feet and clutched at a log. But it wasn't a log, it was the handle of his butterfly net!

It got bigger and bigger until he could no longer hold on, and he slid to the ground. Looking around in fright, he almost passed out. He was standing beside his collection bottle, but no longer was it filled with harmless insects. Instead, it contained a hoard of primitive jungle beasts. Their bony, plated eyes glared out at him, while huge jaws

opened in anger. He let out a groan. What could have caused *this*? Then he remembered, that flower, *that* was it!

Not daring to remain in the grass where the horrible beasts lurked, he lit out for a spot that he knew was open dirt. That spot was by the stone he had often used for home plate when they played baseball.

Ordinarily it was a few steps from where he lay down, but now he traveled for what seemed hours without seeing it. A horrible dragonfly swooped down and eyed him hungrily. Its many eyes flashed, and its tail twitched. The thing crouched to spring, but Joe ducked under a rock. A moment later and he would have been a meal!

**HE WAS SHAKEN** with fright, for all around him were enormous, evil-looking monsters intent upon eating him. Slowly he crawled from his hiding place—right into the face of a black beetle. The huge pincers ground with a sickening crunch, and advanced on him! Never did he run so fast before. He darted through the grass, tripping over tangled vines and tearing his clothes on their thorny projections. It gradually dawned on him that he was lost.

Fortunately, being a scout, he knew that the only way out lay in climbing a tree to determine his position, so he chose the tallest stem he could see. Up he

It was goldenrod weed, but it suited his purpose. There it was! The open patch he was looking for. Joe slid down slowly, hanging on tightly to the "trunk". There was a grunt beside him, and he turned to stare into a pair of hideous, glaring eyes! A tentacle was thrown around him, and try as he might, he was dragged slowly into the jaws of a devil-bug.

Somehow, he freed an arm and snatched out his pocket knife. His biology training stood him in good stead. He remembered that the antennae of the insects were their weak spots, and without them they were helpless. The toothless mouth opened to devour him when the blade whipped out.

Two strokes and the antennae were off! The tentacle unwound and Joe jumped back, but his foot slipped, and he plunged toward the earth. He came up with a jerk, dangling in midair. In his fall he was hooked by his belt to one of the thorns; another inch and he would have been impaled upon that giant pin!

But he couldn't remain like this, suspended in space, for at any moment one of the denizens of the forest might decide to make a meal of him. He wiggled and squirmed, but try as he might, he couldn't break loose. There was the rush of powerful wings, and his fears were fulfilled. A praying mantis had spotted him!

**A**LONE against the monsters of the grass! --  
What lay in store for the boy who had  
shrunk to the size of an ant?



The green insect was the terror of the fields, with jaws that could rip and tear ruthlessly. Once those front legs grabbed a victim with their bony hooks, it was *death*, and now the demon moved toward *him*!

**JOE FOUGHT AGAINST** the thorn holding him until he was exhausted. His only chance in escaping the approaching mantis, now, was to attempt the drop to the ground. He took a deep breath, then cut his belt. The mantis, sensing his prey was getting away, leaped forward. Joe heard the claws clash together a hair's breadth above him, and the jaws of the killer closed on the remnants of his belt. The ground "came up," knocking the wind out of him.

Joe had no time to think; the mantis was behind him. He scrambled into the thick tangle of weeds, casting occasional glances over his shoulder. The green thing was still behind him! What to do?

There was a tunnel slanting down into the ground a little way off and he made for that, and dove in, head first. There was no time to see if it was occupied or not, with the mantis at his heels. The green creature's intelligence was not enough to locate him, and in a few moments it stalked off. Joe dashed out of the hole and headed in the general direction of the "home plate."

Every inhabitant of the grass watched him with glassy eyes and waving antennae. Some crawled after him, but with a little clever manoeuvring they were outwitted, and Joe went safely on. The terror was all around. From little wiggly things to giants in armor, with teeth and claws like dragons. Several times Joe almost ran into a clearing where two beetles were fighting to the death. At one place a tribe of ants battled over a huge bread crumb, but were too occupied to notice him.

The heat of the day was terrific. It seemed to bring out every species of life in this seemingly unreal insect world, and Joe stumbled about evading them. Once again, he climbed the stem of a weed, and saw that he was nearing his objective. When he climbed down he was extra careful to avoid the thorny branches, but his luck wasn't with him. The branch pulled out and he went down!

The net that broke his fall was strong and elastic. He bounced up and down gently in its meshes until the swaying stopped, and he then tried to get down. But, he was *caught*! He couldn't move at all. He lay in exactly the same position in which he had fallen.

The strands of the net were a silver-grey, covered with an invisible sticky substance. Realization came swiftly. He had dropped into a spider's web! Any moment the hideous death-dealer would appear, and he was helpless!

Joe kicked furiously, the web bounced, but it was very elastic, stretching under his struggles, but not giving way.

Under Joe's weight the web twisted into a dark funnel, out of which came the spider, an enormous, hairy-legged brute, covered with yellow and black spots. The slitted mouth dripped saliva while the bright specks that were eyes darted fire. It moved toward the boy, anticipating the meal that he would make. Joe's eyes bulged. He tried to scream, but nothing came out. Slowly the spider advanced until he was over the figure of his victim. Two mottled legs encircled his body, and lifted him free of the web! The spider started back for the funnel!

Only one defense! Joe reached into his pocket and pulled out a pack of matches, lit them, and tossed them into the net. In an instant the whole thing was a mass of flame! The hair on the spider curled, and he dropped Joe, to scramble to safety! The fern below cushioned Joe's fall, and he picked himself up, slight-

ly singed, but unharmed. He knew that he wasn't far from the clearing, and by gauging his course by the top of a tree in the distance, he would come to it in a few hours.

By now he was getting used to the bugs, and they no longer bothered him, but when he was suddenly confronted by a huge toad he jumped with fear. The toad took him for an insect, and its tongue shot out. This was something new!

Joe dodged the lightning thrust in time and ducked behind a log. The snake-like tongue followed him. When he managed to get out of reach of the tongue, the toad hopped forward and started searching again. Joe was tiring fast. He had been through so much that he was ready to drop.

At that moment a column of tiny insects marched by. The toad's attention was taken by them, and the tongue darted out scooping them into its mouth by the dozens! Joe lost no time getting away.

**JOE THOUGHT HE'D NEVER** make it, but at last he caught sight of the clearing and the rock. Good old home plate! He crawled through the dust to the stone and climbed up. Immediately he jumped to his feet. Why, he couldn't stay here — the gang would play ball there that day and he would be crushed under foot! He started back to the fields and the danger from which he had just escaped!

**IT WAS THEN** that a queer event took place; the sky darkened, and Joe looked up. A meteor was hurtling to earth! But it was unlike any he had ever seen. Round and white, with strange, stitch-like markings. Joe opened his mouth—it was, yes, **IT IS—a baseball!**

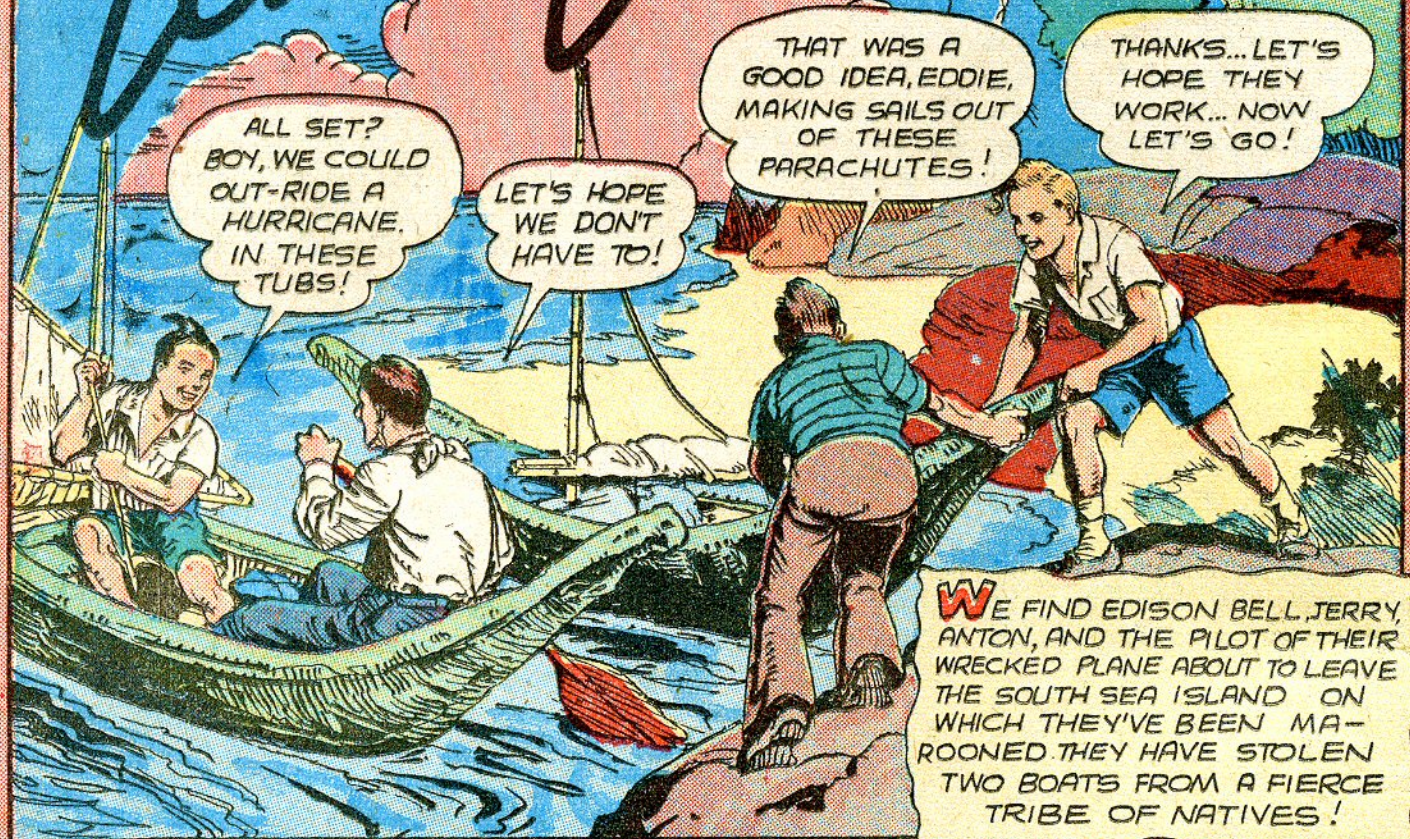
Pete was yelling: "Hey Joe, get up, the game's started! If the ball hadn't conked you, you'd have slept forever!"

**THE END**



by Ray Gill and  
HAROLD DELAY

# BELL



ALL SET?  
BOY, WE COULD  
OUT-RIDE A  
HURRICANE.  
IN THESE  
TUBS!

LET'S HOPE  
WE DON'T  
HAVE TO!

THAT WAS A  
GOOD IDEA, EDDIE,  
MAKING SAILS OUT  
OF THESE  
PARACHUTES!

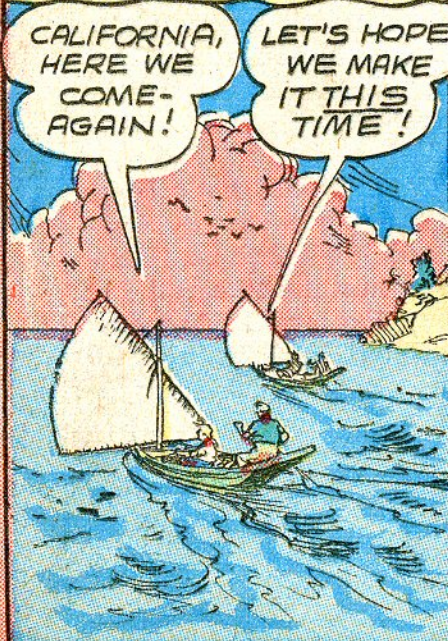
THANKS... LET'S  
HOPE THEY  
WORK... NOW  
LET'S GO!

**W**E FIND EDISON BELL, JERRY, ANTON, AND THE PILOT OF THEIR WRECKED PLANE ABOUT TO LEAVE THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND ON WHICH THEY'VE BEEN MA-ROONED. THEY HAVE STOLEN TWO BOATS FROM A FIERCE TRIBE OF NATIVES!

**W**ELL STOCKED WITH FOOD AND WATER, THEY SAIL FOR HOME...

...BUT, AS THE DAYS PASS, THEY RUN INTO ALL KINDS OF WEATHER...

... FROM STORMS TO CALMS IN THE BROILING SUN!



CALIFORNIA,  
HERE WE  
COME-  
AGAIN!

LET'S HOPE  
WE MAKE  
IT THIS  
TIME!



KEEP LOW, OR  
YOU'LL GET  
WASHED  
OVER BOARD!

I  
COULDN'T  
GET ANY  
WETTER  
THAN I'  
AM NOW!



PLEASE, ED...  
JUST ONE  
MORE  
DRINK!

NIX... IF  
WE FINISH  
THIS, WE'LL  
HAVE TO  
DRINK  
SEA WATER!



**FINALLY... A BREEZE!**

HOT-DOG!  
NOW WE'LL GET  
SOMEPLACE!

YEAH...  
BUT  
WHERE?

HEY!  
FOLLOW  
US!

WHY?  
-SEE  
SOME-  
THING?

NO! BUT BILL  
HERE CAN JUDGE  
THE DIRECTION  
BY THE  
SHADOW OF  
THE MAST!

RIGHT!

IF WE SAIL DUE NORTH-  
EAST WE'LL HIT  
CALIFORNIA, IF WE  
LAST THAT LONG, OR  
MEET A SHIP ON  
THE REGULAR  
STEAMER LANES!

THAT'S A LONG  
CHANCE THOUGH,  
ISN'T IT?

YES... BUT  
BETTER THAN  
NONE AT  
ALL!

THE DAY DRAGS THROUGH,  
AND AS NIGHT SETTLES...

HERE, ANTON, I'LL  
TAKE OVER...  
GET SOME  
SLEEP!

THANKS, ED!  
GETTING DAMP,  
ISN'T IT?

...SO DOES A  
HEAVY FOG!

HMM... DAMP, EH? THIS IS  
GOOD OLD "LONDON  
SOUP"! HOPE WE  
DON'T RUN INTO  
THE SHIP LANES  
TONIGHT!

YEAH! HEY,  
JERRY! BILL!  
BETTER  
STICK  
CLOSE!

OKAY!

Suddenly... EDDIE'S BOAT  
SHUDDERS AS IT  
COMES IN CONTACT  
WITH A SOLID MASS!

OH! ED...  
WHAT'S  
THAT?

Y-YOU  
GOT ME  
PAL!



THE MYSTERIOUS OBJECT  
SCRAPES ALONG THE SIDE...  
EDDIE, FRANKLY PUZZLED,  
REACHES FOR IT.

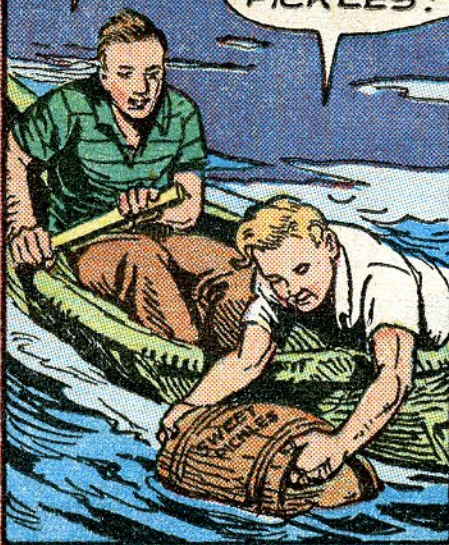
W-WHAT  
IS IT?

I HAVE IT...  
HOLY  
SMOKES!



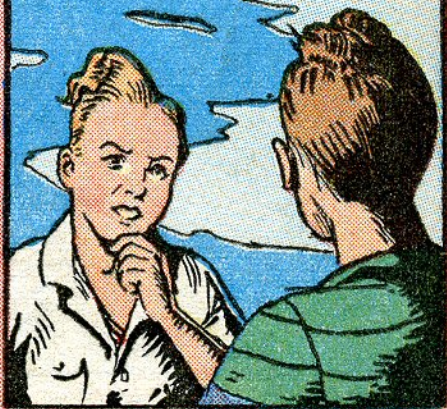
WHAT?

PICKLES!  
A BARREL  
FULL OF  
PICKLES!



HEY!  
NOW WE  
ARE IN  
FOR IT!

WHY?



WELL, FOR ONE THING,  
WE HAVE NO LIGHTS...  
AND THE PRESENCE  
OF THIS PICKLE  
BARREL SHOWS  
THAT ...

OH...



I GET YOU... WE  
MUST BE  
IN THE SHIP  
LANES NOW!

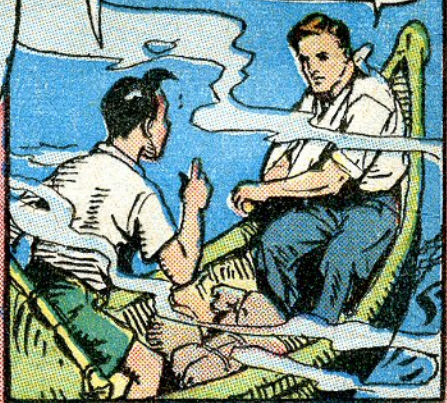
RIGHT!



Meanwhile, JERRY AND  
BILL ARE MAKING DIS-  
COVERIES OF THEIR OWN.

LISTEN, BILL!  
THERE IT  
IS AGAIN!

RIGHT!  
WE'D BETTER  
WARN THE  
OTHERS!



SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE BOYS  
CALL OUT THE WARNING TO  
EACH OTHER...THEY DECIDE  
ON A PLAN...

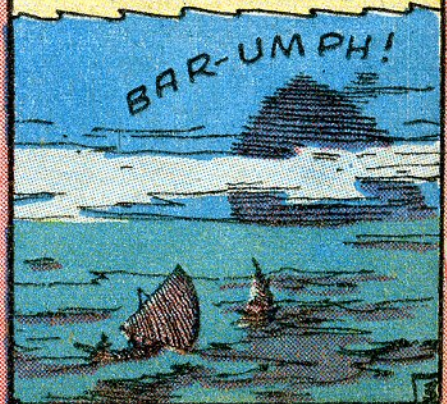
OKAY! WE'LL SPREAD OUT  
A BIT SO THAT IF ANY-  
THING HAPPENS TO  
ONE BOAT... WE...

SPARE THE  
DETAILS! I'VE  
GOT MY  
FINGERS  
CROSSED!



Suddenly, THROUGH THE  
BOTTOMS OF THEIR  
BOATS, THEY FEEL  
THE THROB OF NEARBY  
ENGINES! THEN THE  
BLAST OF OF A SHIP'S  
FOG-HORN!

BAR-UMPH!





**1** SUDDEN SHIFT IN THE  
FOG SHOWS EDDIE...

OMIGOSH!  
IT'S BEARING  
DOWN ON  
JERRY'S BOAT!  
HEY!

JERRY!  
LOOK  
OUT!

...BUT THEIR  
YELLS ARE  
DROWNED OUT  
BY THE FOG  
HORN, THEN...

**CRASH!**

THE SHIP IS  
COMING THIS WAY!  
SAIL TOWARD  
IT, FAST!

SIT DOWN!  
OR WE'LL  
BE IN  
THERE  
TOO!

ANTON!  
THEY'VE  
BEEN  
HIT!

NIX, ED! WE'LL  
GET HIT, TOO!

WHY, YOU RAT! DO AS  
I SAY OR I'LL  
TOSS YOU TO  
THE SHARKS!

OKAY!  
I WAS  
ONLY  
KIDDING!

THAT'S BETTER! HERE,  
POUR COCOANUT OIL ON  
THIS FIBRE - TIPPED  
ARROW, QUICK!  
NOW LIGHT IT!

RIGHT!

**E**DDIE SHOOTS HIS  
IMPROVISED FLARE  
TOWARD THE SHIP!

THERE!



ON THE SHIP...

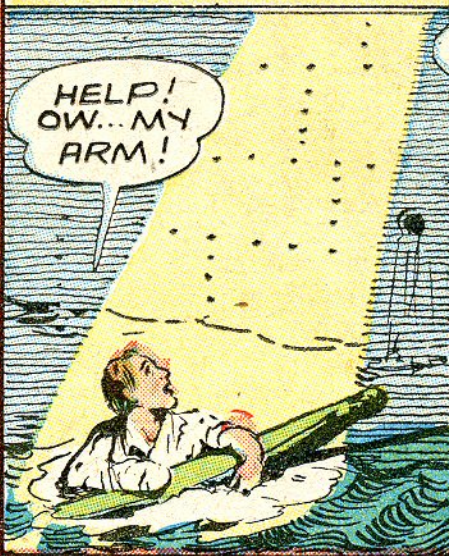
CAPTAIN! A SIGNAL OFF THE STARBOARD!

YEAH? WELL, REVERSE ENGINES... WE'RE IN NO HURRY!



AS THE SHIP, A TRAMP STEAMER, SLOWS UP, A SEARCHLIGHT CUTS THROUGH THE MIST...

HELP! OW... MY ARM!



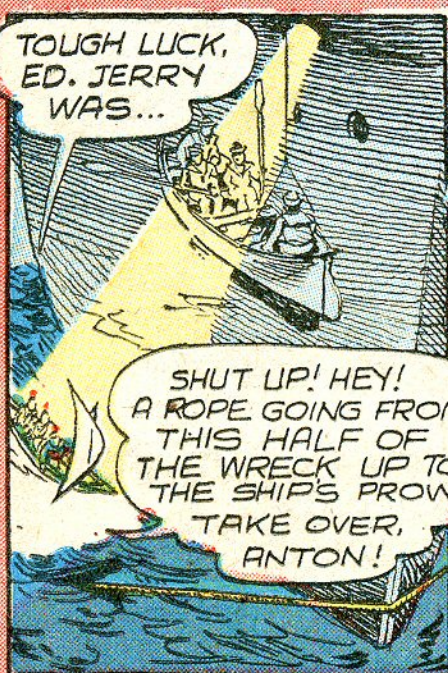
...AND AS A BOAT IS LOWERED, EDDIE AND ANTON ARRIVE!

BILL! YOU ALL RIGHT? WHERE'S JERRY?

MY BAD ARM... JERRY'S ON OTHER SIDE OF SHIP WITH OTHER HALF OF BOAT. OHH-H!



TOUGH LUCK, ED. JERRY WAS...



SHUT UP! HEY! A ROPE GOING FROM THIS HALF OF THE WRECK UP TO THE SHIP'S PROW! TAKE OVER, ANTON!

EDDIE DIVES IN, FOLLOWS THE ROPE TO THE PROW OF THE TRAMP AND

OBOY! IT GOES AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE, ALL RIGHT! HEY! SWING THAT LIGHT TO THIS SIDE, WILL YOU?



... FINDS HIS HUNCH WAS RIGHT!

JERRY! WELL, IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO FIND ME!



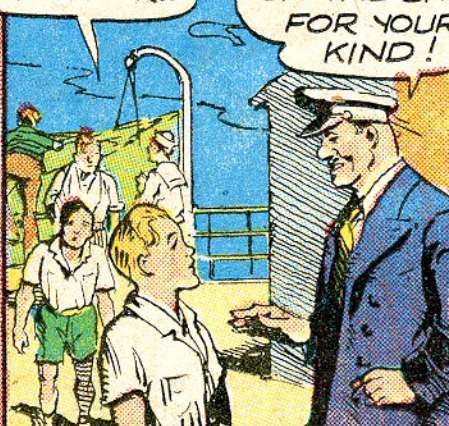
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE ON THE PORT SIDE! ALL I CAN SAY IS - THESE KIDS PICK FUNNY PLACES TO GO CANOEING!



SOON THEY ARE ALL SAFELY ABOARD!

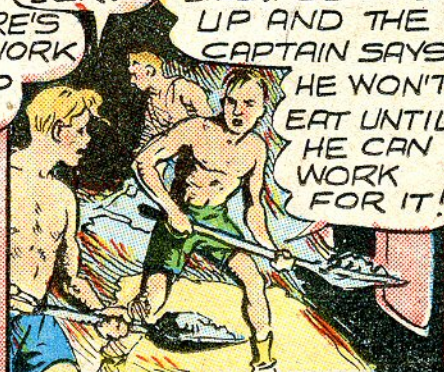
CAPTAIN... WE'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR...

DON'T! THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK ON THIS SHIP FOR YOUR KIND!



HOW YOU DOING, JER..?

OKAY, BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT BILL! HE'S LAID UP AND THE CAPTAIN SAYS HE WON'T EAT UNTIL HE CAN WORK FOR IT!



"SAFELY ON BOARD"? HMM! WE'LL SEE MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



# SAILBOAT

TAKE AN OLD SUIT OF CANOE-SAILS, FIX THEM UP, AND MOUNT THEM ON YOUR ROWBOAT OR "DINGHY" AS SHOWN. THE "LEEBOARDS" (MADE FROM BROKEN CANOE-PADDLES) LEND STABILITY AND AID IN "TACKING."

**I**T'S POSSIBLE TO MAKE A NEW SUIT OF SAILS, BUT, IN THE LONG RUN, AN OLD CANOE-SAIL, FIXED UP, WILL BE BETTER... AND LESS EXPENSIVE!

..CLEAN  
AND OIL  
PULLEYS!

-- IF SAIL  
IS TORN,  
SEW IT!

--IF ROPES  
ARE BAD,  
USE NEW  
STUFF!

MAST  
SPAR

**BRASS  
CLEAT**

MAST-STEP  
(BLOCK OF WOOD  
WITH HOLE)

"LEE-BOARD"  
(CANOE PADDLE)

"LEEBOARDS" →  
SWING BACK IF BOAT  
HITS SHALLOW WATER.

SCREWS

STRONG  
ANGLE-IRON  
BRACE

"LEE BOARD"



WING BOLT

This diagram shows a vertical cylindrical component labeled "LEE BOARD" with an arrow pointing to it. Below it is a wing bolt assembly labeled "WING BOLT".

SCREWS

BOARD SPARK

HOLD  
THIS ROPE  
WHILE  
SAILING.

SLOT

STRAP  
METAL  
BRACES

METAL  
RUDDER-PIN  
GOES THROUGH  
BRASS  
SCREW-EYES.

SMOOTH  
SAILING!

**W**ELL, GANG -- HERE'S HOPING YOU HAVE AS MUCH FUN SAILING AS WE'VE HAD.

**I**N A RIG LIKE THE ONE ABOVE, BY THE WAY, BUY YOURSELF  
A "LIFE-PRESERVER PILLOW" ... AND **PLAY SAFE!**



# The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE

WHOA, CLOUD!  
WHAT'S THIS?

AS THE STEEL TRAILS OF THE IRON HORSE WOUND THEIR WAY WESTWARD, PREPARING THE WAY FOR CIVILIZATION, THERE WERE SOME SELFISH MEN WHO THOUGHT ONLY OF THEIR OWN GAIN. SUPERHORSE AND THE WHITE RIDER, WHO HAS COMPLETELY RECOVERED FROM HIS ACCIDENT, SHOW A BUNCH OF THESE HOMBRES THAT THEY CAN'T ESCAPE JUSTICE!

THERE'S A FIRE IN THAT RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION CAMP AND IT HAS A GOOD START!

WOW!

HURRY UP!

MORE WATER!

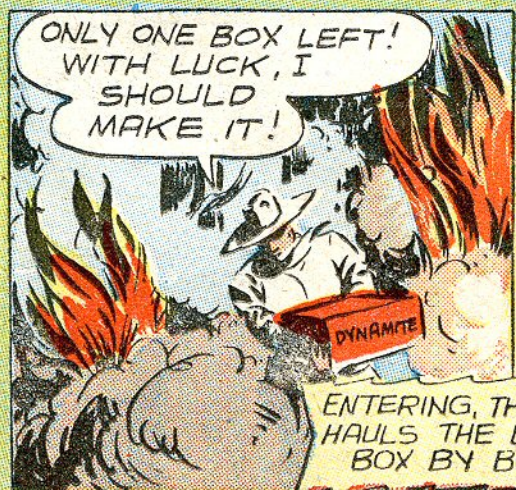
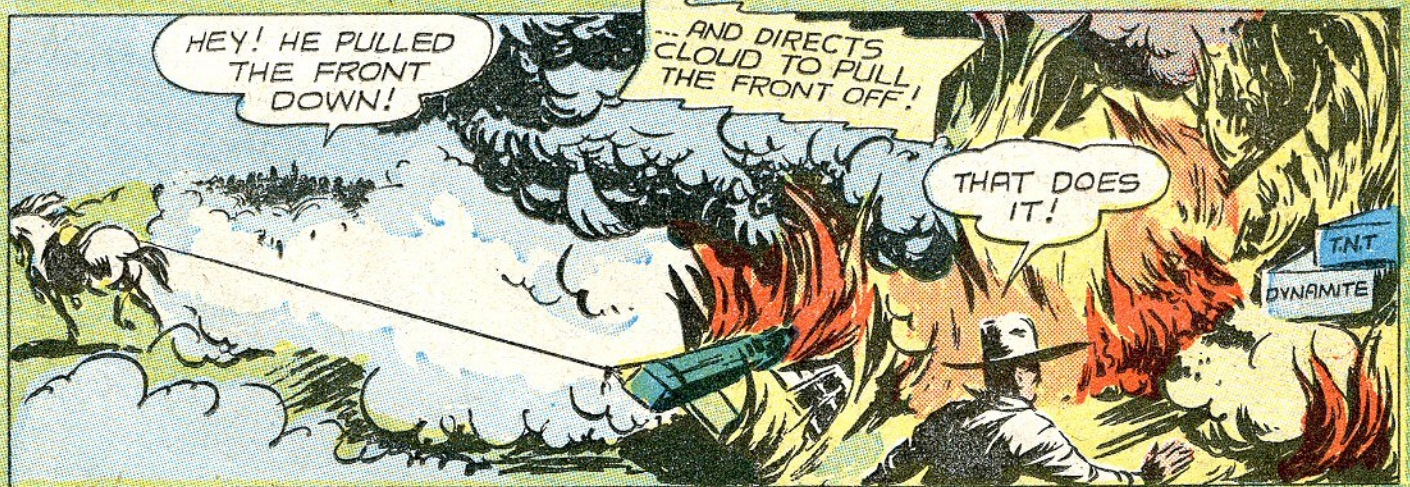
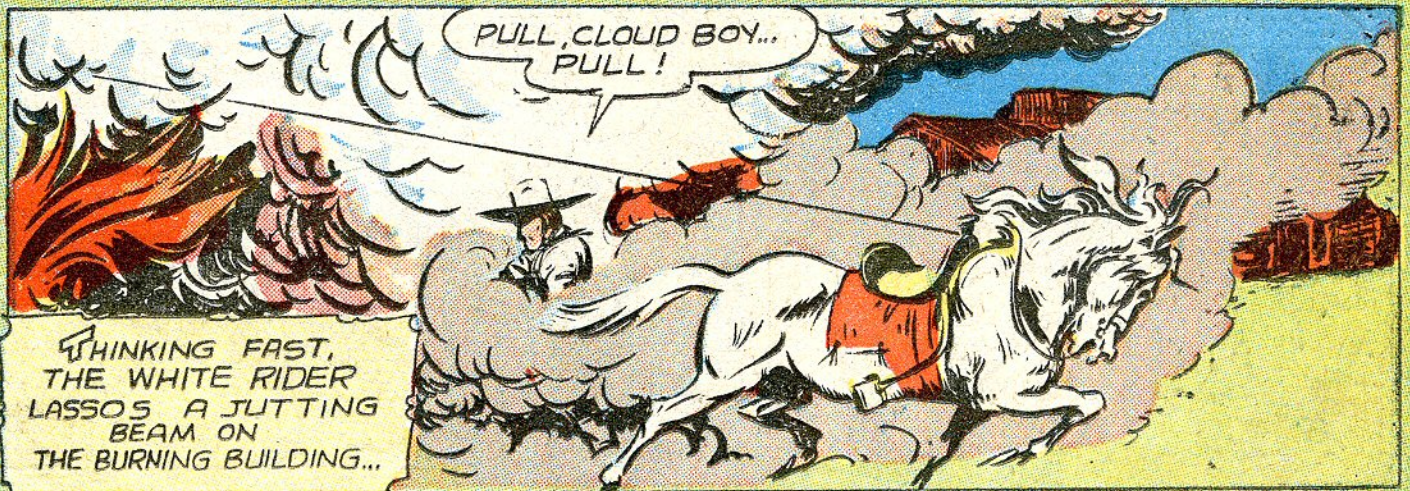
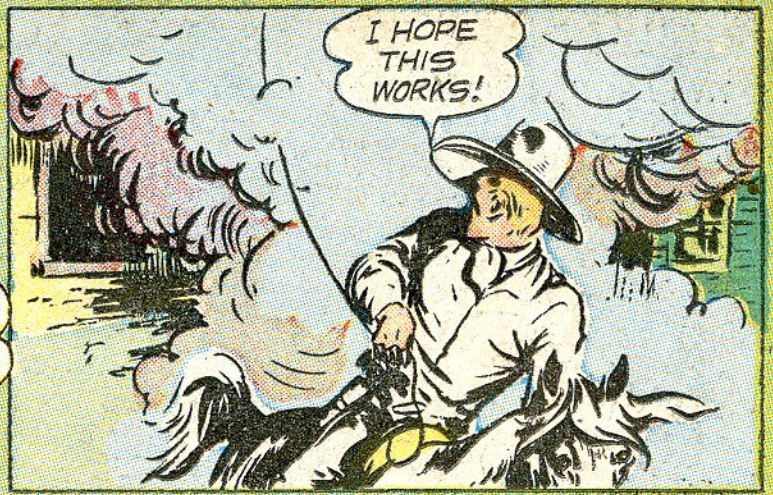
THERE'S DYNAMITE IN THAT CABIN AND IT MIGHT GO OFF AT ANY MINUTE!

HOLY SMOKE!

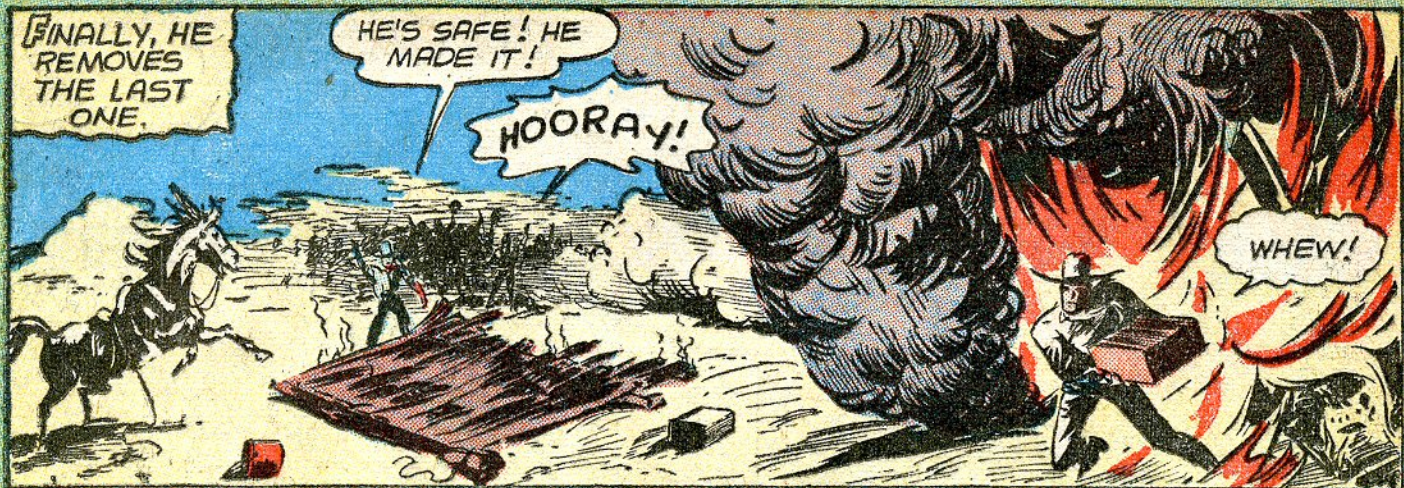
RUN!  
BEAT IT!

WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS, CLOUD!









FINALLY, HE REMOVES THE LAST ONE.

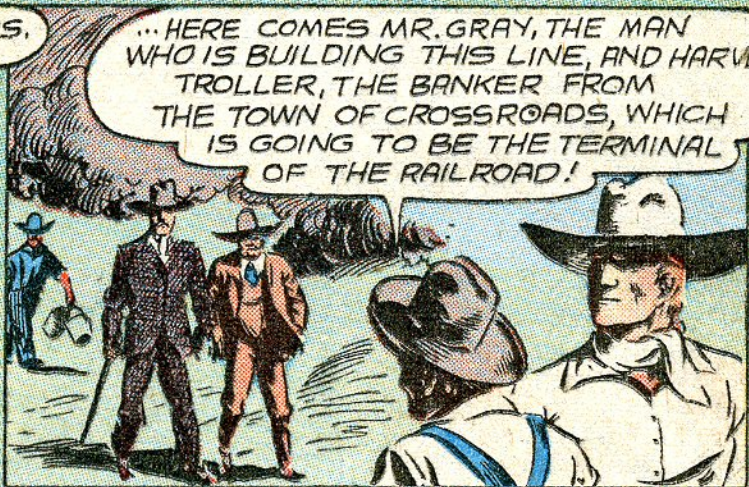
HE'S SAFE! HE MADE IT!

HOORAY!

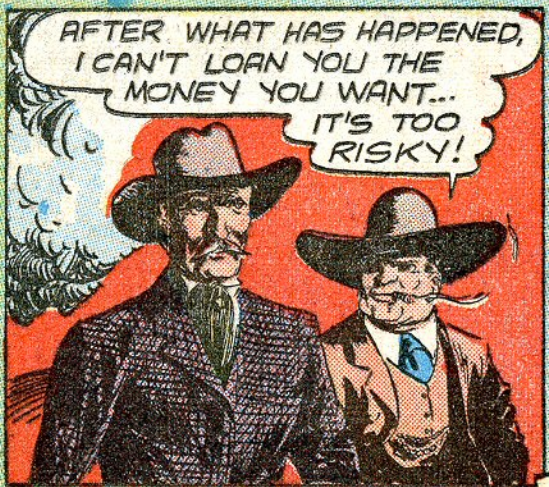
WHEW!



GOOD WORK, STRANGER! I'M HANK MEYERS, CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN, AND I WANT TO THANK YUH!



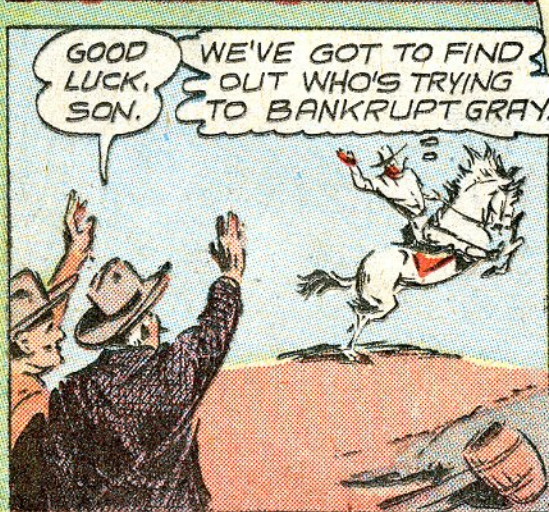
... HERE COMES MR. GRAY, THE MAN WHO IS BUILDING THIS LINE, AND HARVEY TROLLER, THE BANKER FROM THE TOWN OF CROSSROADS, WHICH IS GOING TO BE THE TERMINAL OF THE RAILROAD!



AFTER WHAT HAS HAPPENED, I CAN'T LOAN YOU THE MONEY YOU WANT... IT'S TOO RISKY!



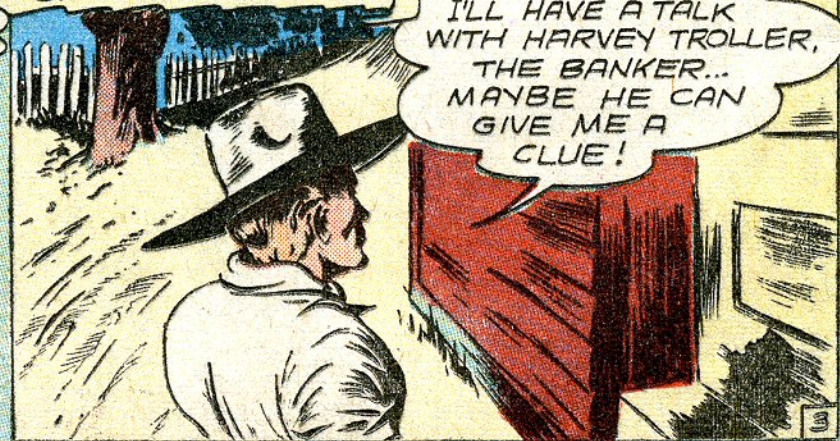
YOU'VE BEEN A GREAT HELP YOUNG MAN. THIS IS THE FIFTH TIME SOMEONE HAS TRIED TO STOP OUR WORK! IF I DON'T REACH CROSSROADS IN A WEEK, I'LL BE RUINED!



GOOD LUCK, SON.

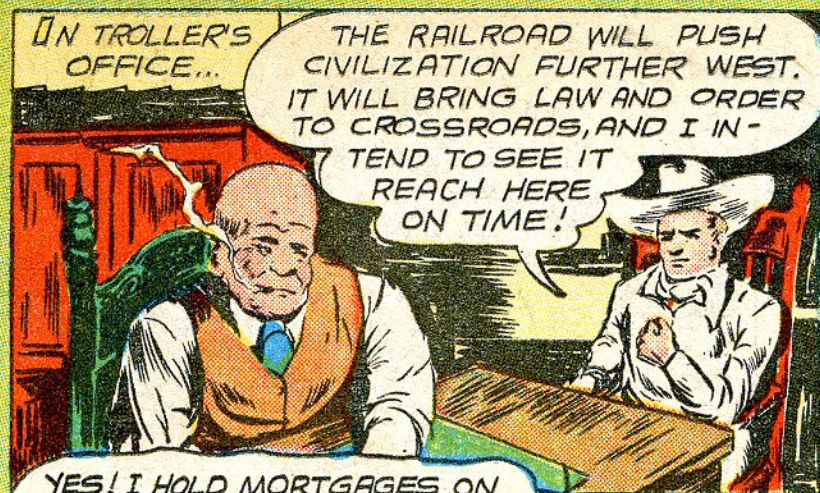
WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO'S TRYING TO BANKRUPT GRAY.

Later... AT THE TOWN OF CROSSROADS.



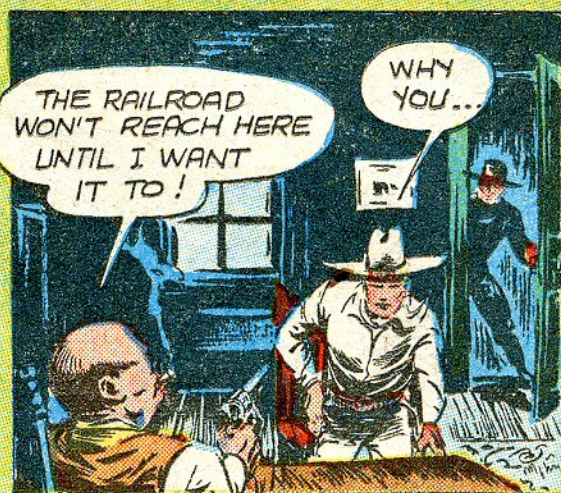
I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HARVEY TROLLER, THE BANKER... MAYBE HE CAN GIVE ME A CLUE!





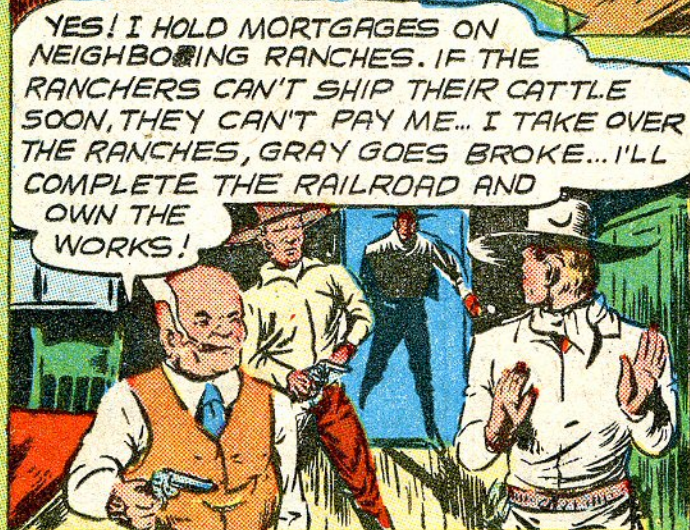
TROLLER'S OFFICE...

THE RAILROAD WILL PUSH CIVILIZATION FURTHER WEST. IT WILL BRING LAW AND ORDER TO CROSSROADS, AND I INTEND TO SEE IT REACH HERE ON TIME!

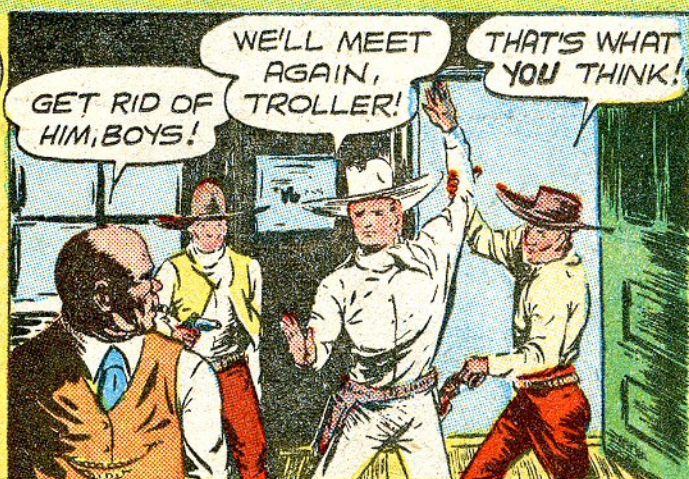


THE RAILROAD WON'T REACH HERE UNTIL I WANT IT TO!

WHY YOU...



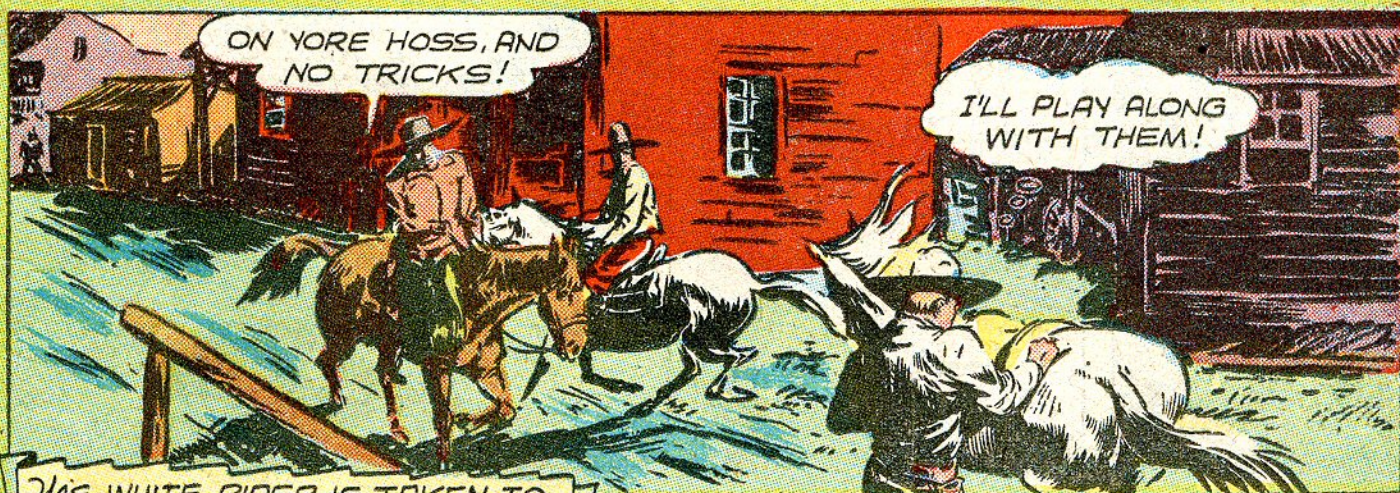
YES! I HOLD MORTGAGES ON NEIGHBORING RANCHES. IF THE RANCHERS CAN'T SHIP THEIR CATTLE SOON, THEY CAN'T PAY ME... I TAKE OVER THE RANCHES, GRAY GOES BROKE... I'LL COMPLETE THE RAILROAD AND OWN THE WORKS!



GET RID OF HIM, BOYS!

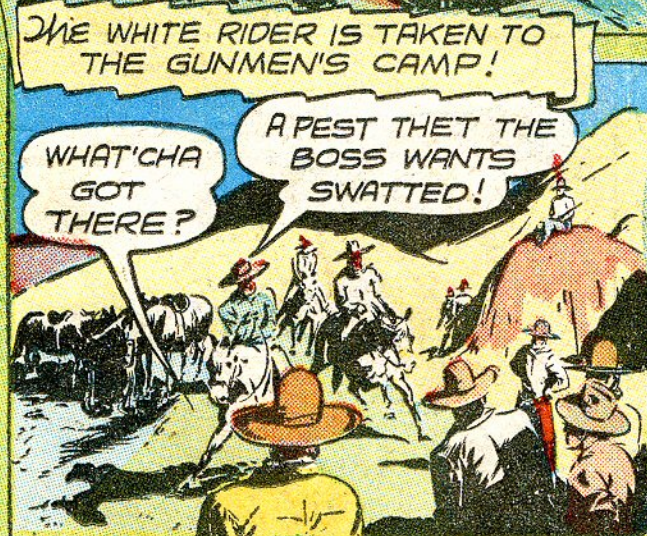
WE'LL MEET AGAIN, TROLLER!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



ON YORE HOSS, AND NO TRICKS!

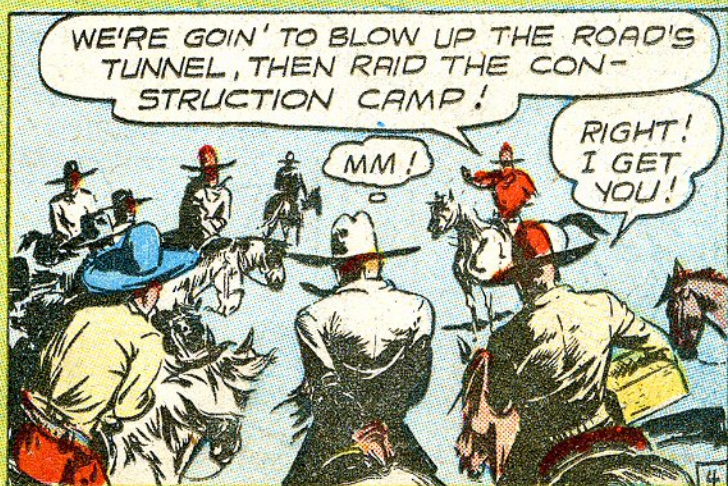
I'LL PLAY ALONG WITH THEM!



THE WHITE RIDER IS TAKEN TO THE GUNMEN'S CAMP!

WHAT'CHA GOT THERE?

A PEST THET THE BOSS WANTS SWATTED!



WE'RE GOIN' TO BLOW UP THE ROAD'S TUNNEL, THEN RAID THE CONSTRUCTION CAMP!

MM!

RIGHT! I GET YOU!



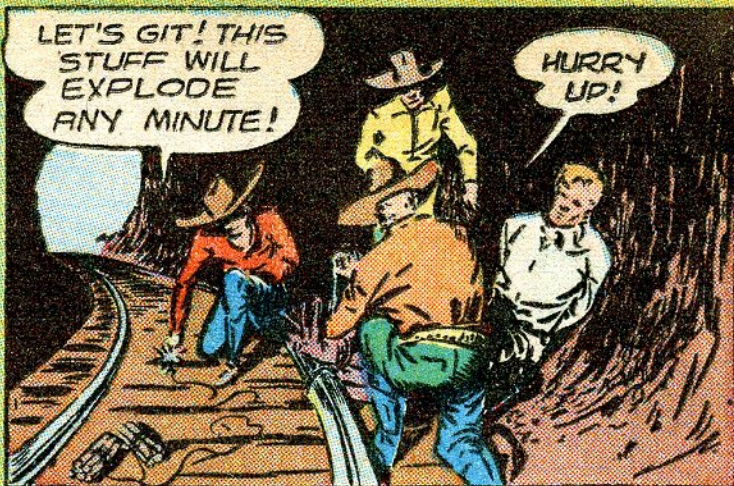
AT THE TUNNEL...

WE'LL LET THE DYNAMITE  
TAKE CARE OF  
THIS HOMBRE!



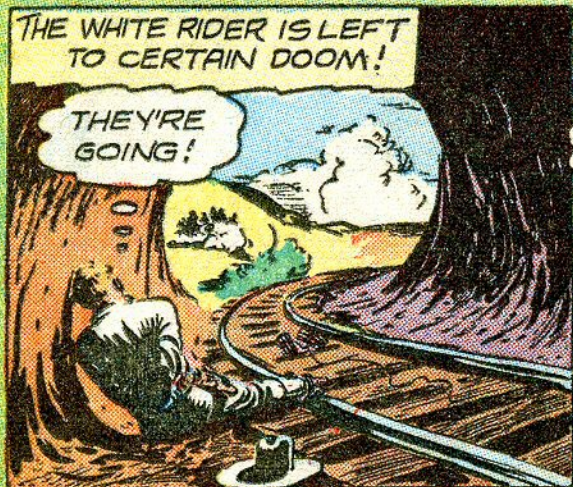
LET'S GIT! THIS  
STUFF WILL  
EXPLODE  
ANY MINUTE!

HURRY  
UP!



THE WHITE RIDER IS LEFT  
TO CERTAIN DOOM!

THEY'RE  
GOING!



SUPERHORSE SENSES  
HIS MASTER'S PERIL,  
AND...

WHOA!

WHEEE!



HE  
GOT  
AWAY!

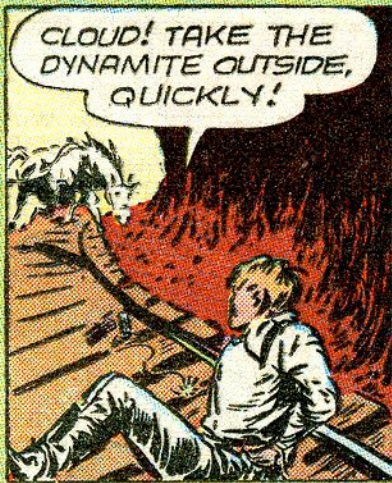
OH! LET HIM GO!  
THE DYNAMITE  
WILL TAKE CARE  
OF HIM TOO!



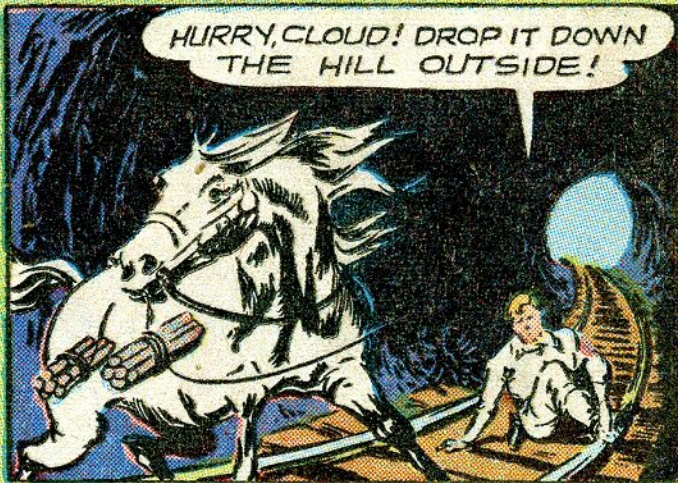
THIS FUSE IS  
BURNING  
THE ROPE  
APART!



CLOUD! TAKE THE  
DYNAMITE OUTSIDE,  
QUICKLY!



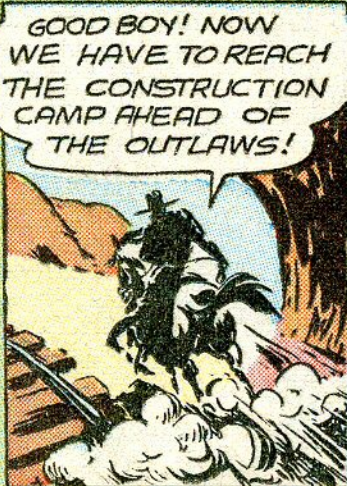
HURRY, CLOUD! DROP IT DOWN  
THE HILL OUTSIDE!



THE CLEVER HORSE  
OBEYS HIS MASTER.



GOOD BOY! NOW  
WE HAVE TO REACH  
THE CONSTRUCTION  
CAMP AHEAD OF  
THE OUTLAWS!

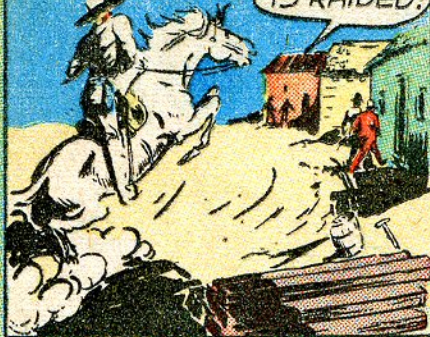


WE'LL TAKE THIS  
SHORT-CUT!





HERE WE ARE, AND THERE'S BANKER TROLLER. BET HE CAME HERE TO HAVE AN ALIBI WHEN THE CAMP IS RAIDED!



RIDER FINDS THE FOREMAN....

...AND THEY'RE COMING HERE NOW TO RAID THE CAMP!



THEY WON'T EXPECT US TO BE PREPARED! THEY'LL BE TRAPPED!

WE'LL BE PREPARED!

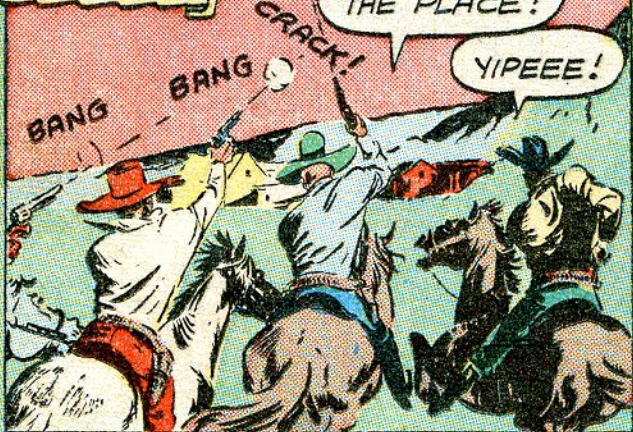
SHORE!



THE RAID!

SHOOT UP THE PLACE!

YIPEEE!



HERE THEY COME!

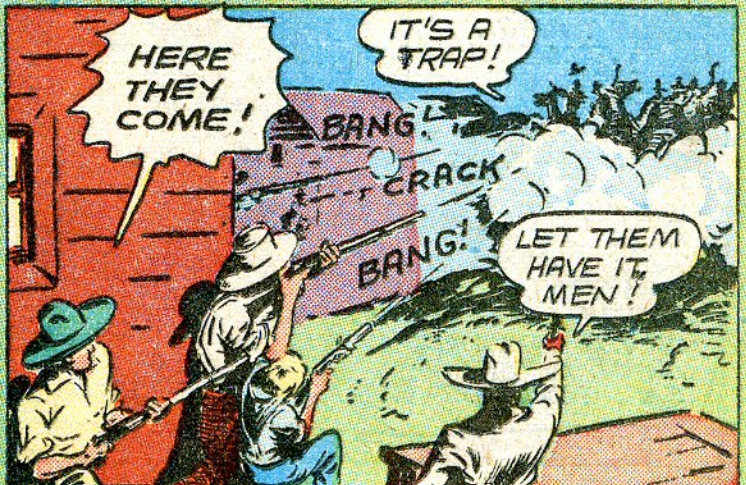
IT'S A TRAP!

BANG!

CRACK!

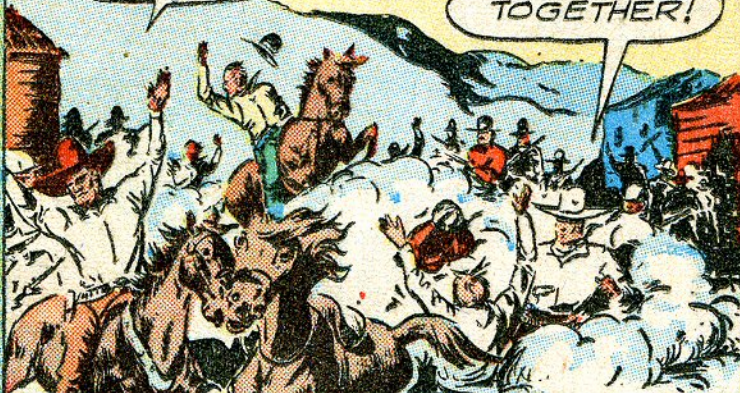
BANG!

LET THEM HAVE IT, MEN!



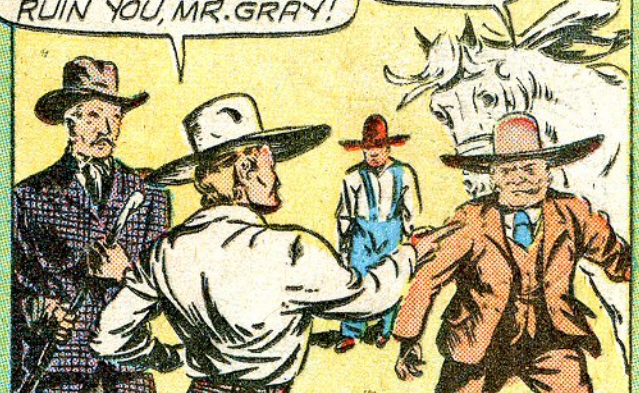
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!

GOOD WORK, MEN! HERD THEM TOGETHER!



TROLLER'S THE MAN WHO TRIED TO RUIN YOU, MR. GRAY!

YOU'RE A LIAR!

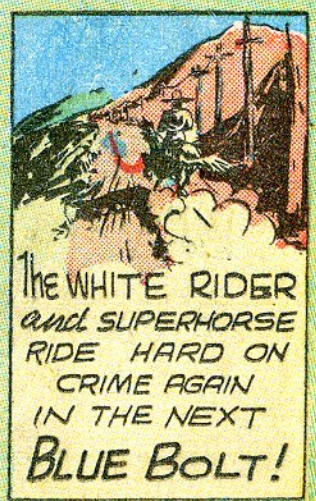
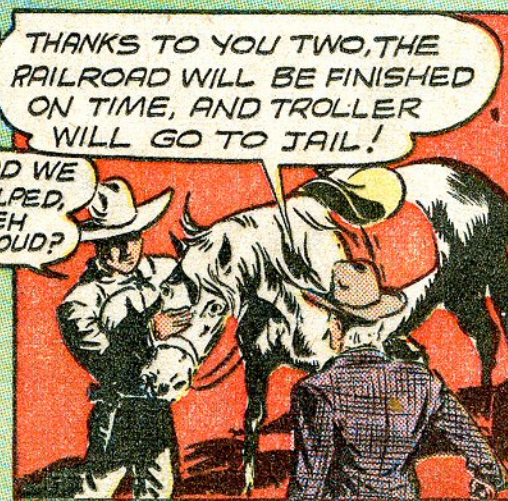
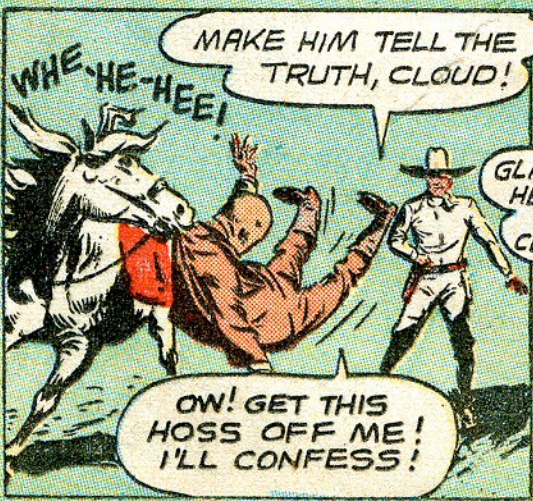


MAKE HIM TELL THE TRUTH, CLOUD!

THANKS TO YOU TWO, THE RAILROAD WILL BE FINISHED ON TIME, AND TROLLER WILL GO TO JAIL!

GLAD WE HELPED, EH CLOUD?

OW! GET THIS HOSS OFF ME! I'LL CONFESS!



THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPERHORSE RIDE HARD ON CRIME AGAIN IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!



# the PHANTOM

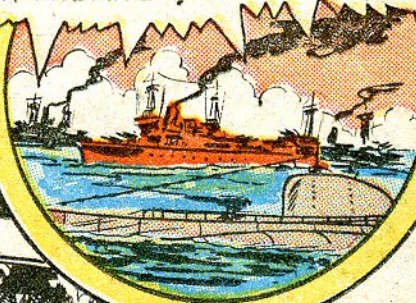
by FES

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE IN WASHINGTON IS ALL AFLUTTER, FOR TO THEM HAS FALLEN A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY. THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS ISLANDS, WHO IS A VERY IMPORTANT FIGURE IN ONE OF THE GREAT DEMOCRACIES FIGHTING FOR ITS WAY OF LIFE, IS TO MAKE A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES! IT IS THE NAVY'S TASK TO SEE THAT THE GOVERNOR GETS SAFE TRANSPORTATION FROM THE ISLAND TO THE UNITED STATES-- BECAUSE OF THE SITUATION IN EUROPE, NAVAL INTELLIGENCE PLANS TO SAFEGUARD AGAINST ANY EMERGENCY..

THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS AND HIS WIFE ARE TO BE CARRIED TO THE MAINLAND IN A NAVAL BOMBER! EVERY ARM OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET MUST BE CALLED INTO ACTION IF NECESSARY!

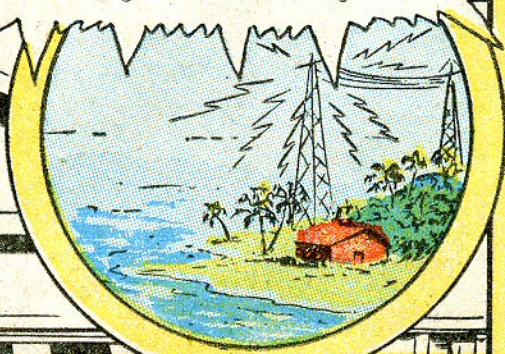
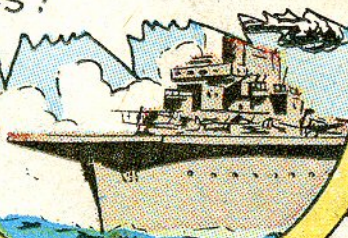
AYE, AYE, SIR!

SHIPS OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET WILL PATROL THE WATERS BETWEEN THE MAHATMAS AND THE MAINLAND!



ALL COMBAT SQUADRONS OF PLANE CARRIER 2 WILL ACT AS AERIAL CONVOY FOR BOMBER CARRYING GOVERNOR AND WIFE! PLANE CARRIER 2 WILL PROCEED AT ONCE TO WATERS OFF THE MAHATMAS!

CALLING THE PHANTOM SUB... SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH AMERICAN WATERS! REPORT TO U.S. PLANE CARRIER 2! URGENT!





THE MESSAGE CRACKLES THROUGH THE ETHER ACROSS THE WATERS TO A SMALL SOUTH AMERICAN PORT. WHERE IT IS RECEIVED BY THE PHANTOM CREW --

**BUT...**

GEE, JACK, SLIM'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND!

WHAT? YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! WE LEAVE IN A FEW MINUTES!

SEARCH EVERY PLACE FOR HIM! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

RIGHT, JACK! WE'LL GET HIM!

MEANWHILE, SLIM IS LOST IN THE INTRICACIES OF A NATIVE TARPON NET...

YOU SEE, SLEEM, WE TWIST THE WIRE OVER LIKE THEES, AND THEN FASTEN IT!

YEAH, I SEE, BUT I'M ALL THUMBS WHEN I TRY TO DO IT!

SLIM'S REVERIE IS INTERRUPTED AS ONE OF THE CREW FINDS HIM--

JACK SAYS TO HURRY!

GEE WHIZ, JUST WHEN I WAS LEARNING TO REPAIR ONE OF THESE NETS!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE NET WITH YOU, SLEEM?

YOU MEAN... I CAN TAKE IT TO PRACTICE ON? -- GEE, THANKS, ALVAREZ, THANKS LOADS!

COME ON, SLIM!

SO, WITH ALL ABOARD, THE PHANTOM SUB TAKES TO THE AIR-- ITS POWERFUL MOTORS CARRY IT QUICKLY TO ITS DESTINATION. U.S. AIRPLANE CARRIER #2 --

HERE WE ARE!

GOOD!



JACK AND SLIM GO ABOARD THE GREAT SHIP TO RECEIVE THEIR ORDERS...

WOW! IT'S LIKE LA GUARDIA FIELD ON PONTOONS!

WELCOME ABOARD! I WILL TAKE YOU TO COMMANDER EAGLES!

-- AND ARE TAKEN TO THE COMMANDER --

BECAUSE OF THE PHANTOM SUB'S ABILITY TO FLY IN HIGH ALTITUDES, YOUR JOB WILL BE TO PATROL THE STRATOSPHERE ABOVE 40,000 FEET! YOUR GREAT SPEED WILL ENABLE YOU TO CIRCLE ABOUT, AND YET REMAIN WITH THE AERIAL CONVOY!

YES, SIR!

... I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS MISSION. YOU REALIZE WHAT THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS MEANS TO THAT GREAT DEMOCRACY.

WE'RE READY, SIR!

NOW, A HUGE NAVAL BOMBER CARRYING THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS AND HIS WIFE, TAKES OFF FOR THEIR TRIP TO THE UNITED STATES ----

AND RISING TO MEET IT AS AN AERIAL CONVOY, GO THE SQUADRONS OF U.S. AIRPLANE CARRIER # 2 --

**BUT MEANWHILE...**

ON A SMALL UNHABITED ISLAND NOT FAR AWAY, TWO SINISTER MEN HOVER OVER SOME STRANGE RADIO APPARATUS...

HURRY, ERBRAUTEN, YOU SHOULD HAVE CONTACTED THEM BY NOW!

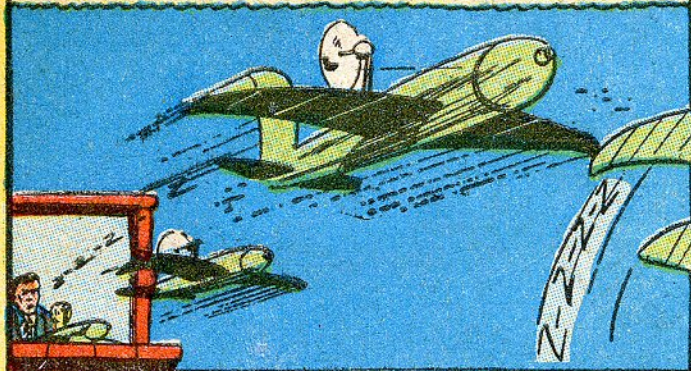
I'M TRYING, YA-YA! I'VE GOT THEM! PREPARE TO TAKE THEIR POSITION!

L7-42-14-- THAT'S IT! I WILL NOW TURN ON THE BEAM!

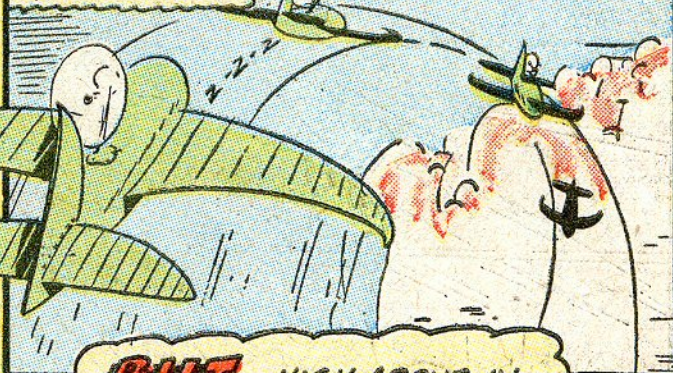
L7-42-14 CHECK! YA! SET IT- I AM READY FOR IT!



WHEN THE QUEER MECHANISMS ARE SET ON THE RAMP, THEY SEEM TO SHUDDER WITH LIFE, AND THEN SHOOT INTO THE AIR!



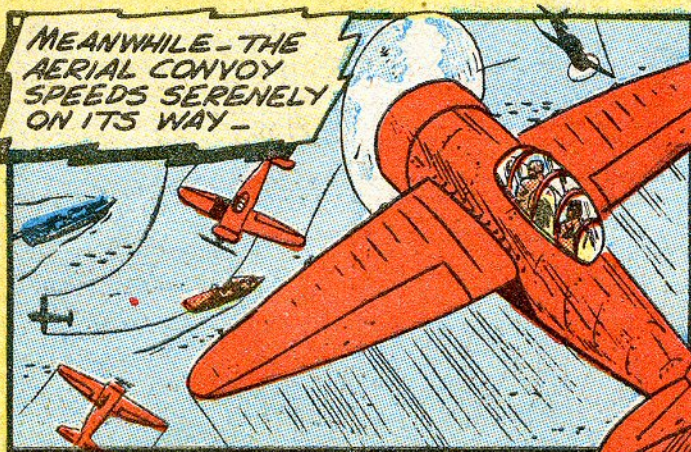
AS THOUGH DRAWN BY SOME FAR OFF MAGNETIC POLE, THEY SPEED OFF INTO THE BLUE -



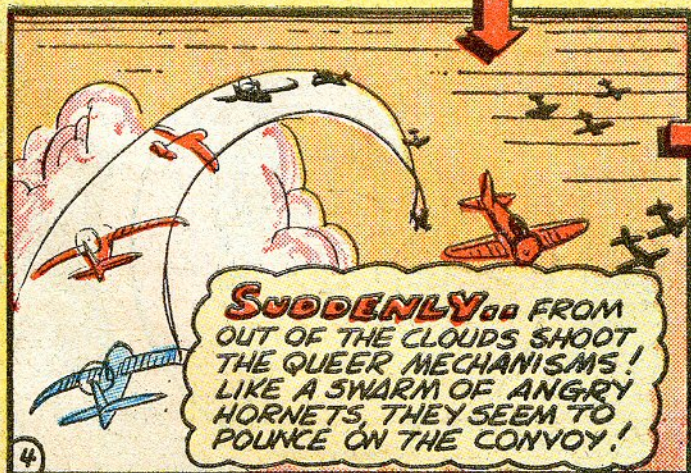
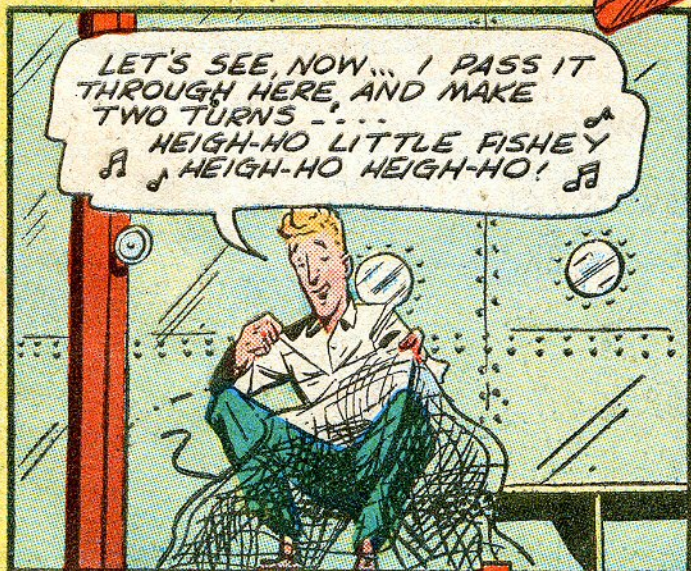
**BUT** HIGH ABOVE, IN THE PHANTOM SUB ....

GEE, THIS IS MONOTONOUS! I WISH I WAS BACK WITH MY FISHERMAN FRIEND... SAY! THAT NET HE GAVE ME-- I CAN PRACTICE MENDING IT!

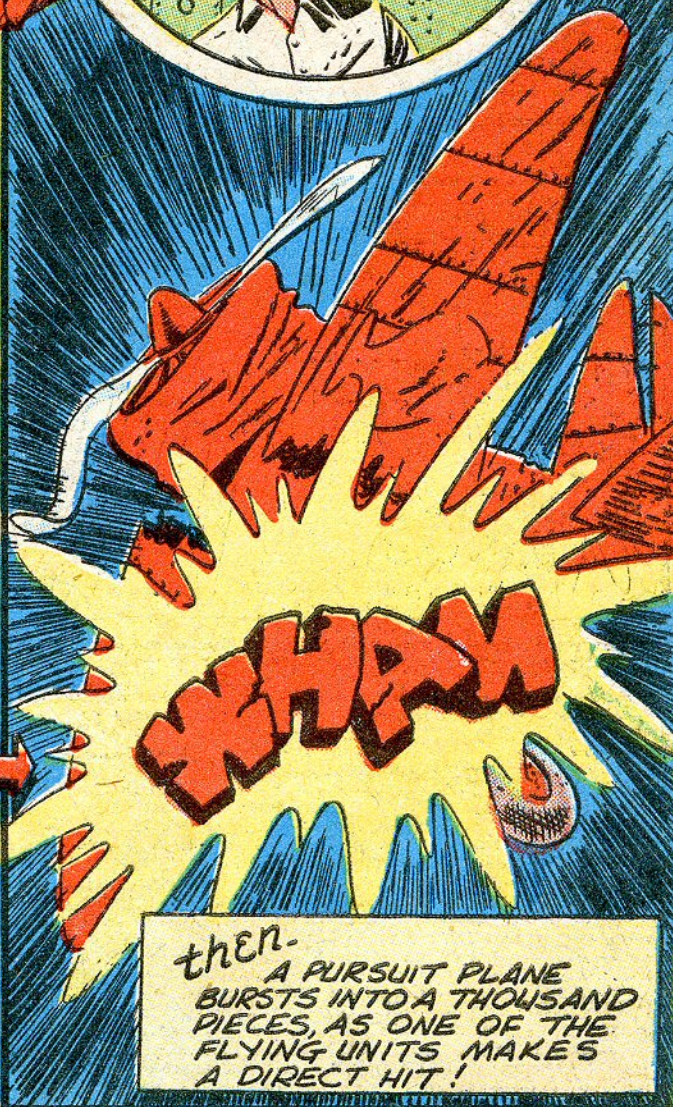
MEANWHILE - THE AERIAL CONVOY SPEEDS SERENELY ON ITS WAY -



LET'S SEE, NOW... I PASS IT THROUGH HERE, AND MAKE TWO TURNS -  
HEIGH-HO LITTLE FISHEY  
HEIGH-HO HEIGH-HO!



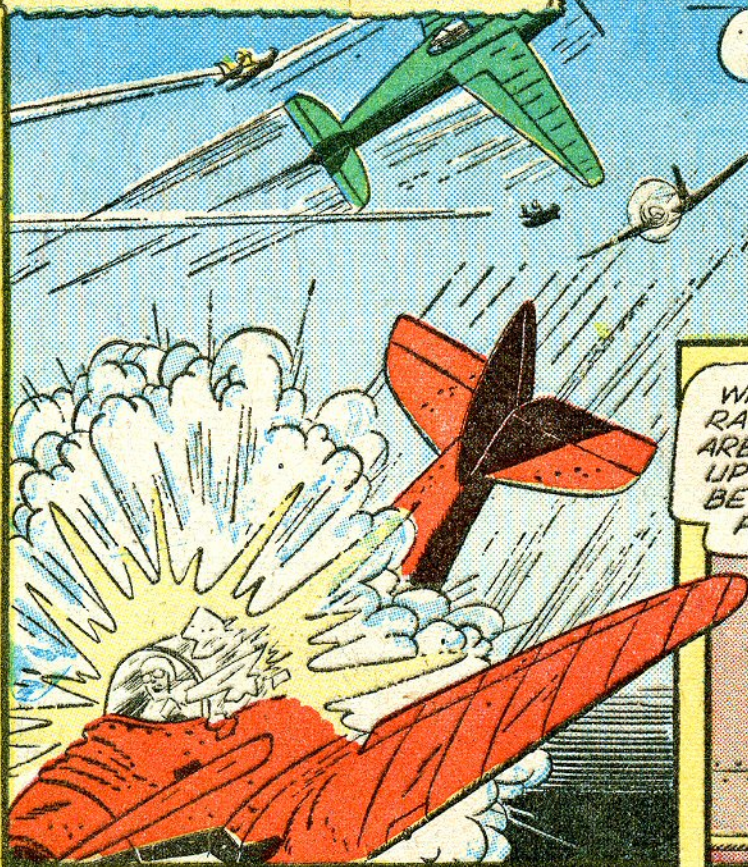
**SUDDENLY** FROM OUT OF THE CLOUDS SHOOT THE QUEER MECHANISMS! LIKE A SWARM OF ANGRY HORNETS, THEY SEEM TO POUNCE ON THE CONVOY!



then - A PURSUIT PLANE BURSTS INTO A THOUSAND PIECES, AS ONE OF THE FLYING UNITS MAKES A DIRECT HIT!



**PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE IN THE AERIAL CONVOY AS ANOTHER AND STILL ANOTHER PLANE ERUPTS IN MID-AIR!**

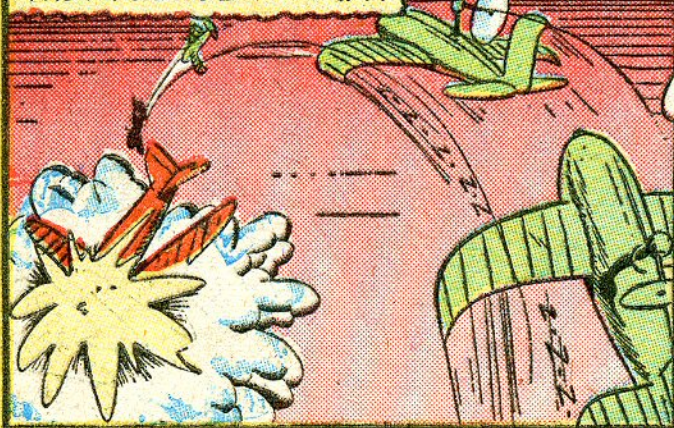


WING COMMANDER RADIOS THAT HIS SHIPS ARE JUST... BLOWING UP! THINKS IT MIGHT BE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!

IMPOSSIBLE! WHERE WOULD IT COME FROM? WE COVER THE WHOLE SEA!



**THE TINY, POWERFUL UNITS CONTINUE THEIR DEADLY WORK!**



**FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT ABOVE, THE PHANTOM CREW SPOTS THE DEADLY MISSILES!**

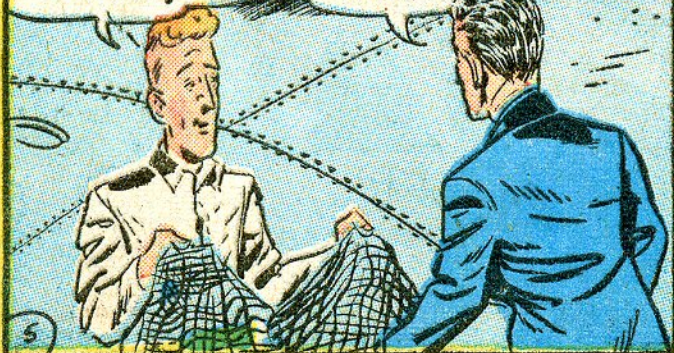
LOOK, JACK! THERE'S WHAT'S DOING IT!

IT'S SOME SORT OF AN AERIAL TORPEDO! BUT WE CAN'T CATCH THOSE THINGS...



CATCH? FISH... YOU CATCH FISH, JACK... CATCH! CATCH?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? CATCH FISH?.. WHAT..?



**I GET IT! THE NET! IT'S MADE OF PLATINUM WIRE, AND STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM! COME ON! SWING OUT THE CLAW!**





QUICKLY, THE SALVAGE CLAW IS SWUNG AROUND AND THE STRONG TARPON NET IS SECURED TO IT!

LET ME HANDLE THE NET, JACK! IT WILL BE JUST LIKE FISHING!

OKAY, SLIM!

LIKE A PORPOISE GONE MAD, THE PHANTOM SUB TWISTS THROUGH THE AIR CATCHING THE DEADLY MISSILES!

HURRY! AFTER ANOTHER ONE!

THEN, AFTER A SHORT WHILE -

WHEW, I GUESS THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM!

NO! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE! AND IT'S HEADING RIGHT FOR THE BOMBER CARRYING THE GOVERNOR OF THE MAHATMAS!

WITH CAUTION THROWN TO THE FOUR WINDS, THE PHANTOM SUB HURTTLES DOWN THROUGH THE AIR!

LADY LUCK BE WITH US... THE FATE OF NATIONS HANGS ON THIS DIVE!

JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME THE NET SNARES THE MISSILE, AND THE DANGER IS AVERTED.

THE CONVOY RESUMES ITS FLIGHT, AND THE MAINLAND IS REACHED SAFELY!

WELCOME TO THE UNITED STATES, GOVERNOR!

WE'RE TRULY GLAD TO BE HERE!

QUITE!

AN AERIAL TORPEDO, EH?

YES, AS NEAR AS WE CAN FIGURE, A POWERFUL TRANSMITTER PROJECTS A BEAM TO WHAT IS TO BE HIT. THESE TORPEDOES ARE SET TO TRAVEL THE BEAM 'TIL THEY HIT SOMETHING! IF WE CAN ONLY FIND THAT BEAM AND TRACE IT...

YEA...


WHAT NEW ADVENTURE WILL THE PHANTOM CREW FIND THEMSELVES IN AS THEY ATTEMPT TO TRACE THE DEADLY TORPEDOES IN NEXT MONTH'S **BLUE BOLT**

??????



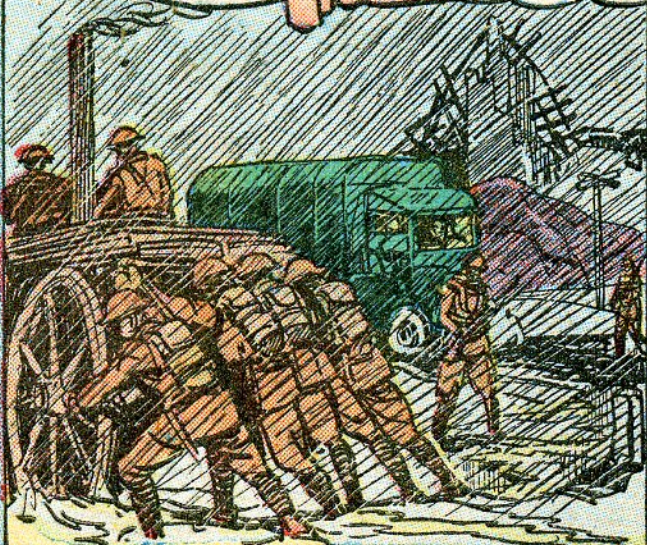
# OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES

OLD CAP HAWKINS, RETIRED MARINER, HAS BEEN TELLING HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, HOW THE FIGHTING REGIMENTS OF OUR GREAT ARMY EARNED THEIR MOTTOES.




JOEY,  
THE 127<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY  
EARNED THEIR MOTTO  
IN SOME OF THE MOST  
VICIOUS FIGHTING IN  
WORLD WAR I.  
—HERE'S WHY THEY  
WERE CALLED...

"Les Terribles."



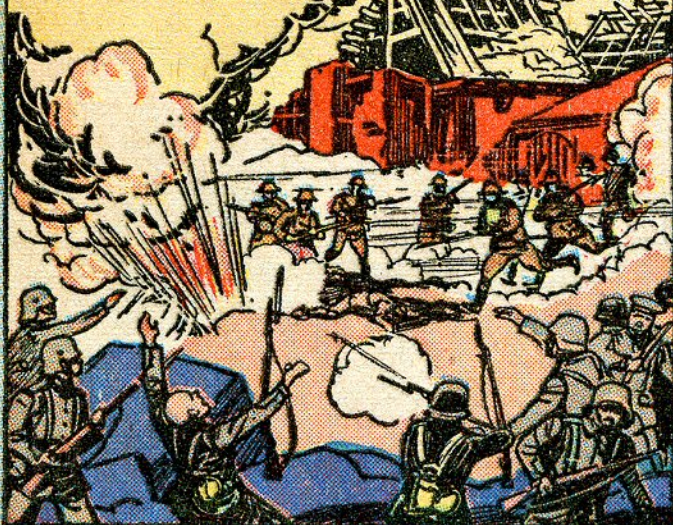
THE 127<sup>TH</sup> ARRIVED AT THE FRONT IN A TEEMING RAIN. THE ROAD WAS SO BAD THEY PRACTICALLY HAD TO CARRY THE WAGONS!



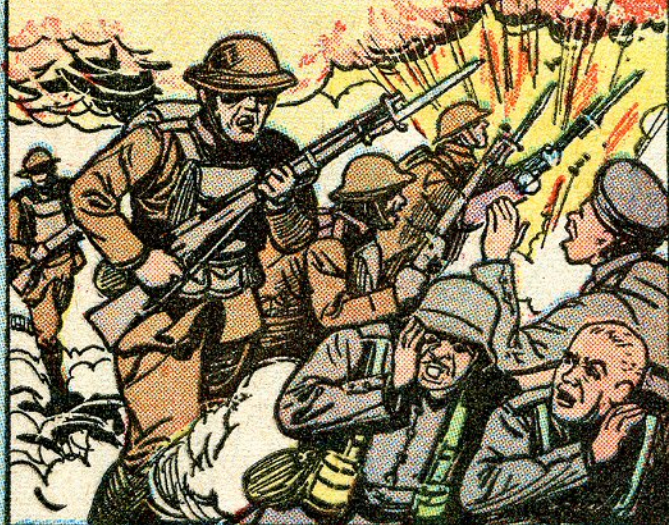
UNDER FIRE FROM THE START, THE MEN WERE ANXIOUS TO SHOW THEIR STUFF!



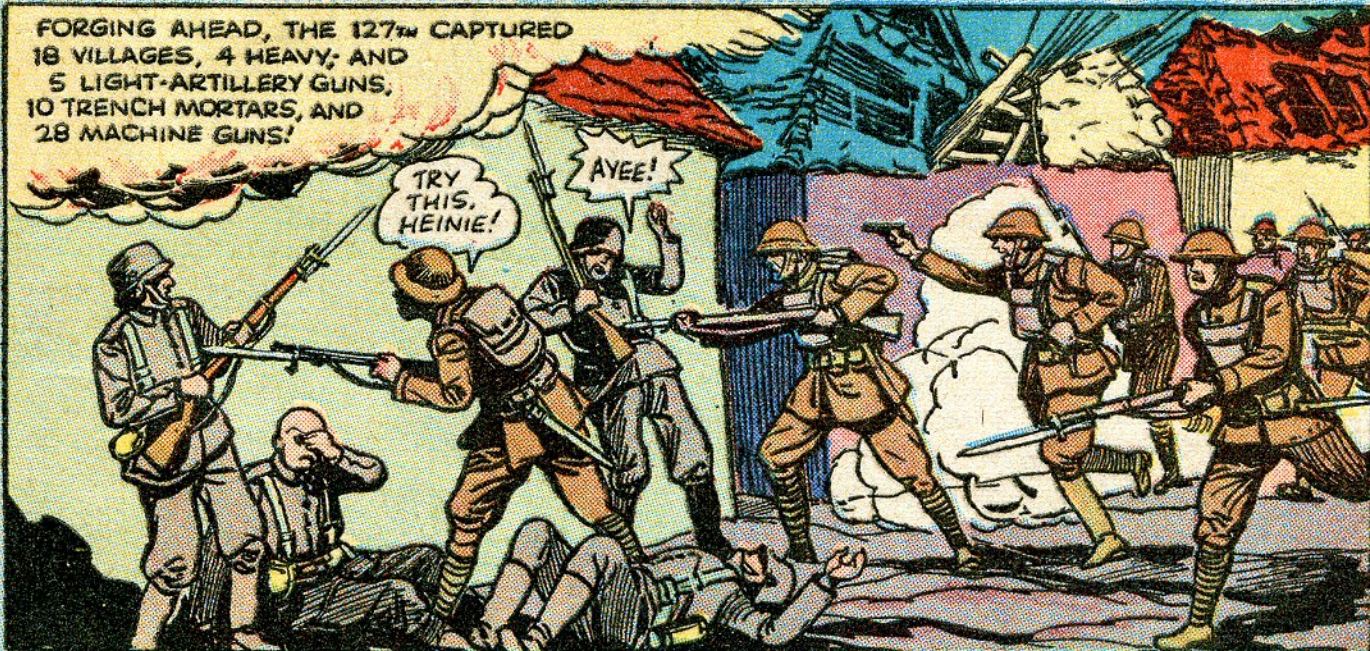
THE TIME SOON CAME! ADVANCING, THE YANKS  
CLEARED OUT EVERYTHING  
IN THEIR PATH!



SWEEPING THE FRONT LIKE A  
PLAGUE, THEIR BAYONETS WERE  
THE TERROR OF THE ENEMY!



FORGING AHEAD, THE 127<sup>TH</sup> CAPTURED  
18 VILLAGES, 4 HEAVY, AND  
5 LIGHT-ARTILLERY GUNS,  
10 TRENCH MORTARS, AND  
28 MACHINE GUNS!



THE ENEMY SENT FOR CRACK  
TROOPS TO CHECK THE AMERICANS.



SEND  
FOR THE  
PRUSSIAN  
GUARDS!  
--QUICKLY!

BUT THE YANKS WIPED THEM OUT COMPLETELY!



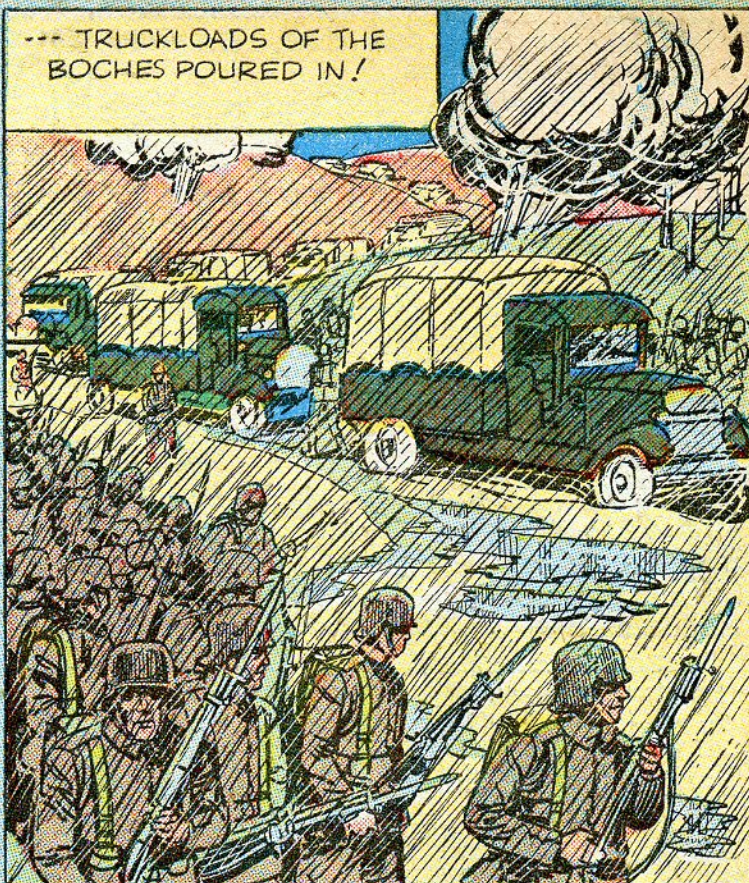


A HURRY CALL FOR TWO GERMAN  
DIVISIONS WENT IN, AND ---

SEND TWO  
DIVISIONS  
QUICKLY!  
THEY ARE  
DESTROYING  
US!

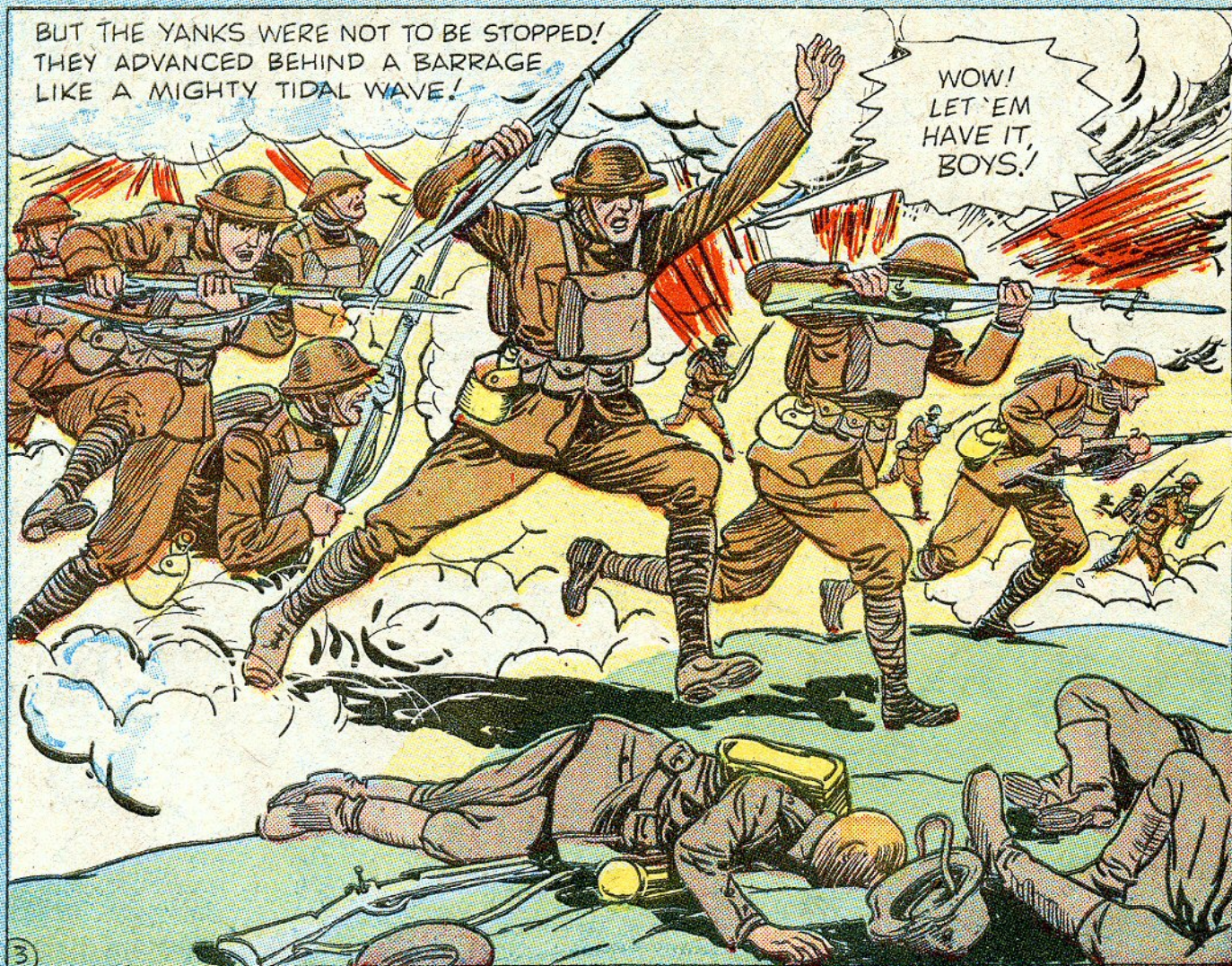


--- TRUCKLOADS OF THE  
BOCHES POURED IN!

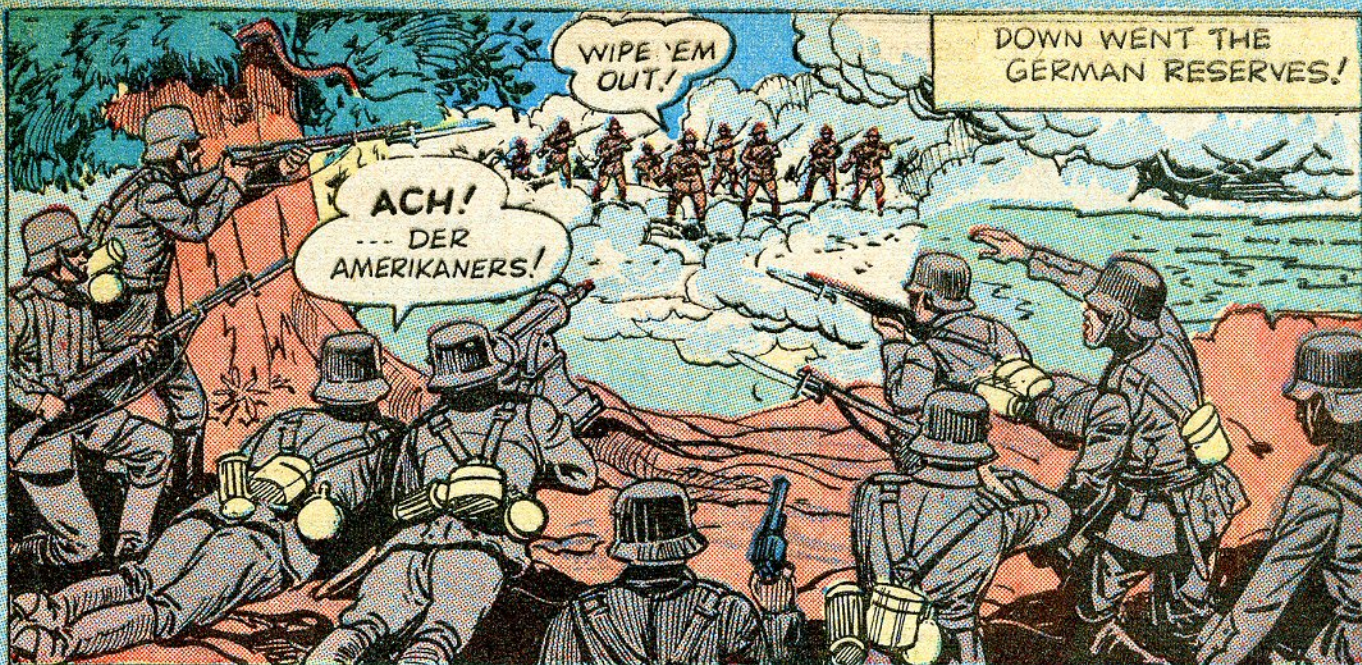


BUT THE YANKS WERE NOT TO BE STOPPED!  
THEY ADVANCED BEHIND A BARRAGE  
LIKE A MIGHTY TIDAL WAVE!

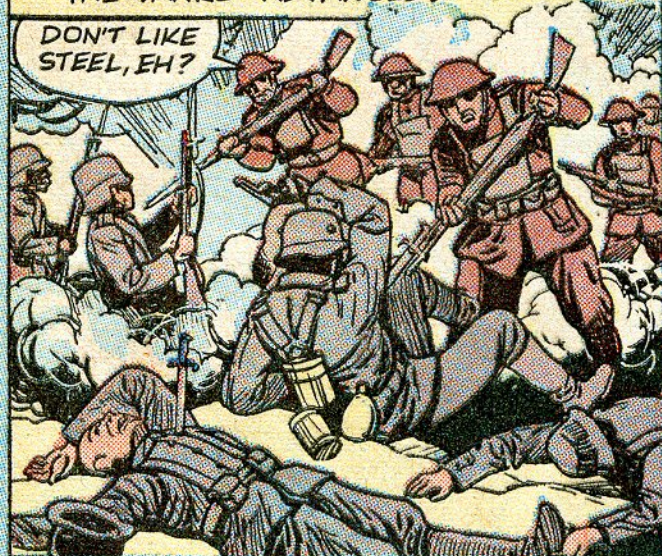
WOW!  
LET 'EM  
HAVE IT,  
BOYS!



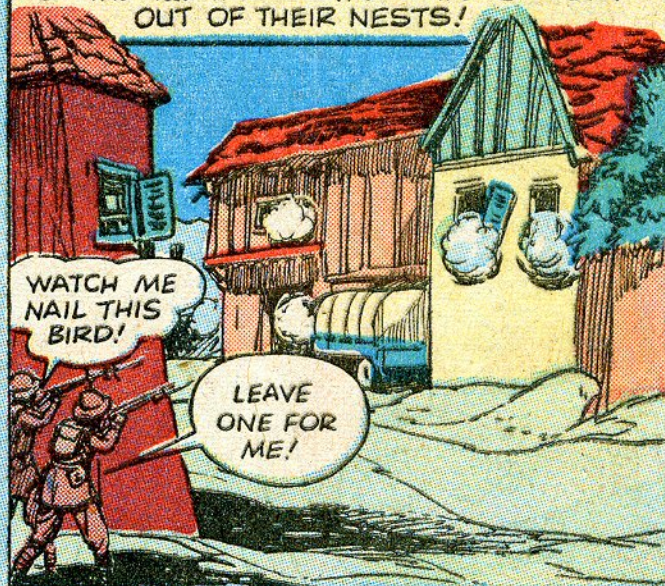




AT JOMBLETTES WOODS, THE FIGHTING WAS PRIMITIVE, YET EFFECTIVE -- AND AGAIN THE YANKS ADVANCED!



IN THE FIGHTING AT BELLEVINE FARM, THE BOYS OF THE 127TH SHOT THE SNIPERS RIGHT OUT OF THEIR NESTS!



AS GENERAL DE MONDESIR WATCHED THE TERRIFIC ONSLUGHT OF THE 127TH, HE HURLED THEIR BATTLE MOTTO AT THEM! ---





# BLUE BOLT

## THE AMERICAN

WE SHOULDA  
DONE THIS  
**LONG**  
AGO!

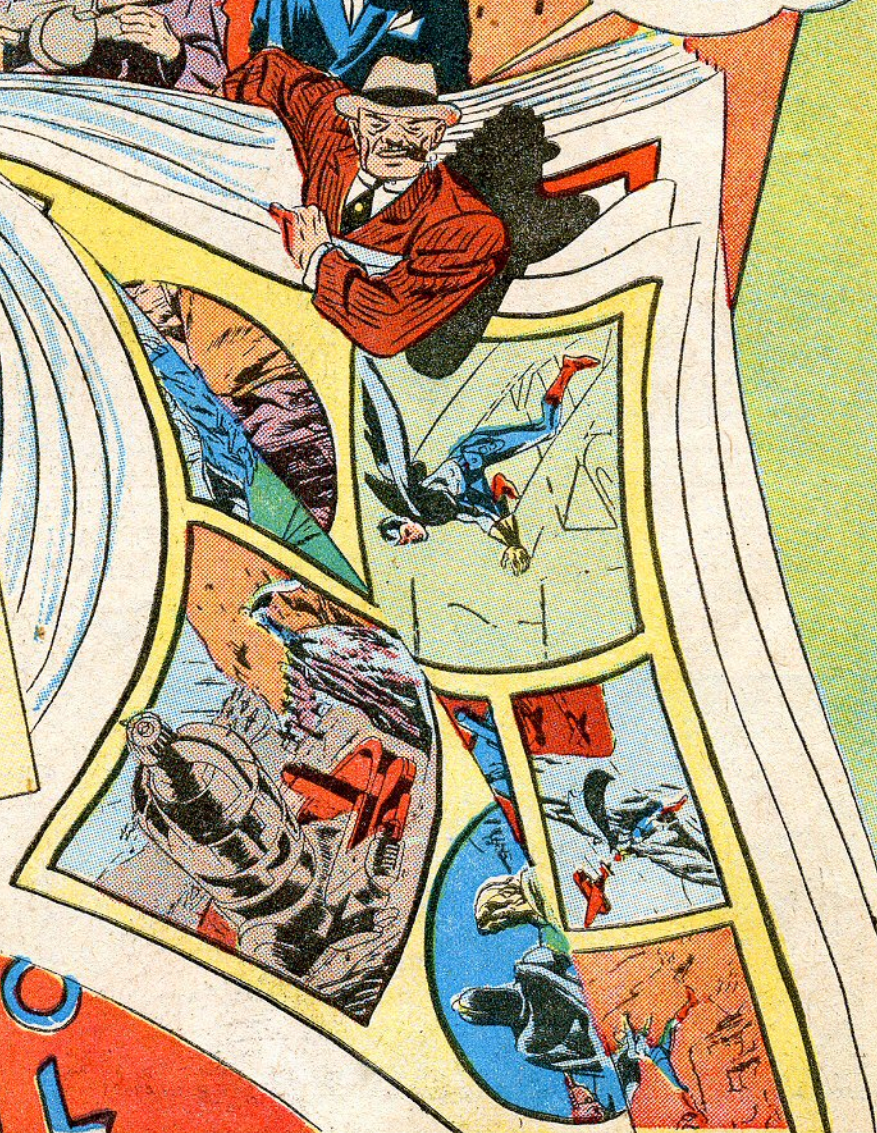
WE'LL  
FIX 'IM  
**GOOD!**

WE'LL GRAB THAT  
**BLUE BOLT**  
ON HIS OWN  
STAMPING GROUNDS!

**YEAH!**  
BEFORE HE  
COMES AFTER  
US!

JOEY  
THE FINK    FRANK  
THE TORP    FITZY  
JIM

THE THUGS OF GANGLAND  
START OUT TO NAIL  
**BLUE BOLT** IN HIS OWN LAIR,  
THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE,  
BUT **BLUE BOLT** STUFFS THE  
PANELS IN THEIR TEETH AND  
MAKES THEM LIKE IT!

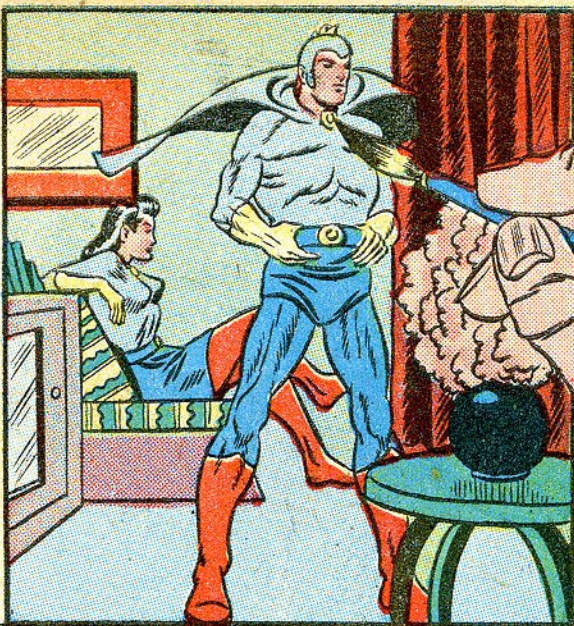




THERE HE IS NOW!  
GETTING THE FINISHING  
TOUCHES PUT ON HIM!



OKAY,  
**BLUE BOLT!**  
YOU'RE ALL  
SET!

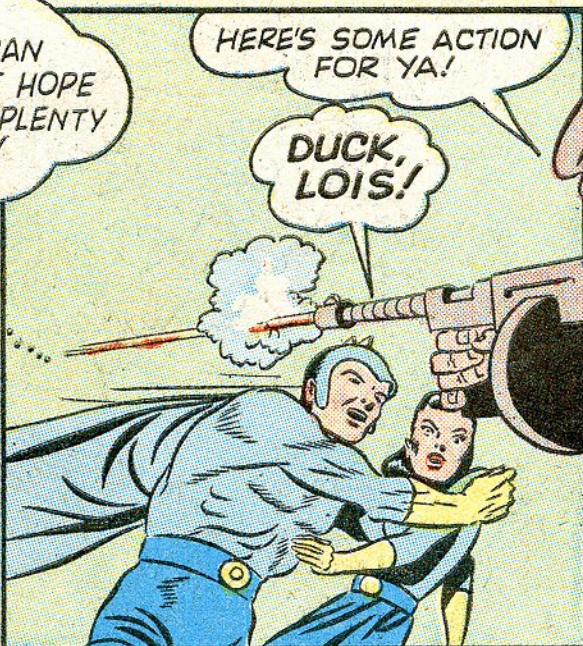


I WONDER WHAT  
THE ACTION'S  
GOING TO BE  
LIKE THIS MONTH!

WELL,  
ALL I CAN  
SAY IS, I HOPE  
THERE'S PLENTY  
OF IT!

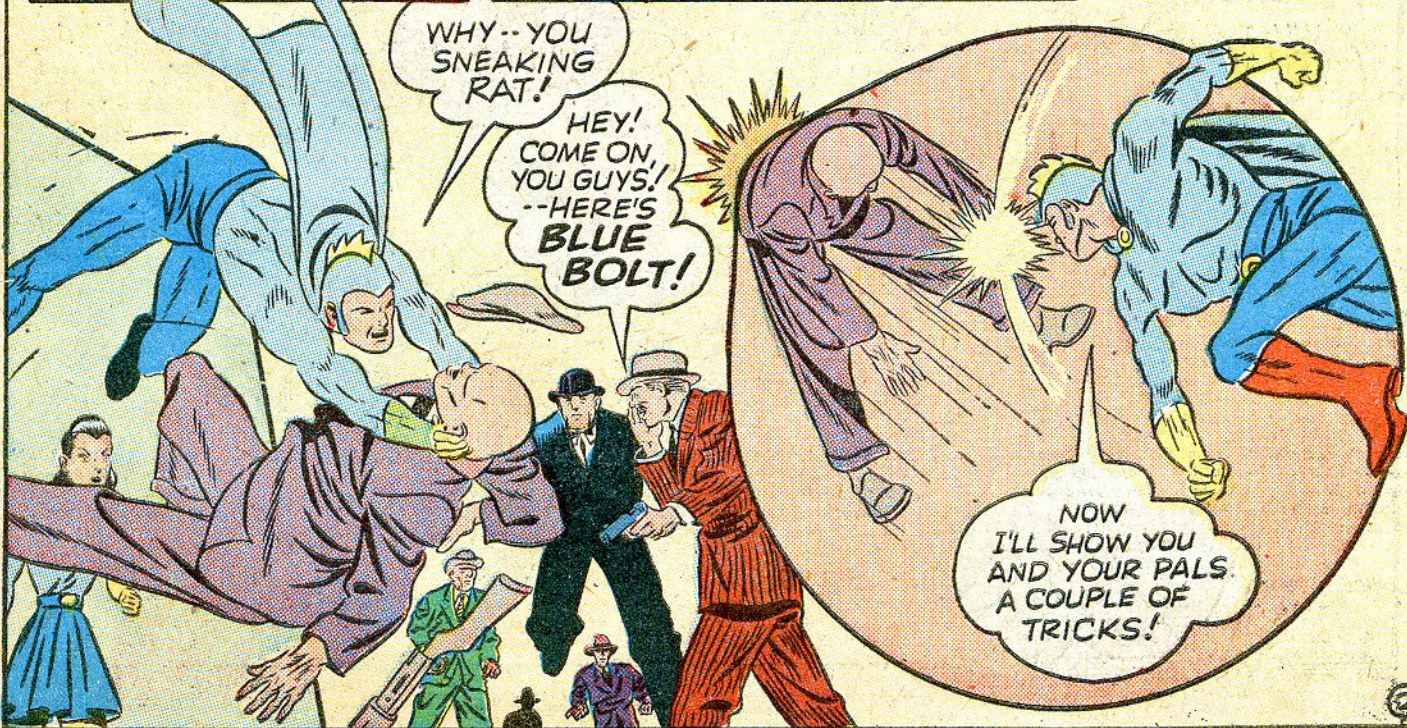
HERE'S SOME ACTION  
FOR YA!

DUCK,  
LOIS!



WHY-- YOU  
SNEAKING  
RAT!

HEY!  
COME ON,  
YOU GUYS!  
--HERE'S  
**BLUE  
BOLT!**



NOW  
I'LL SHOW YOU  
AND YOUR PALS.  
A COUPLE OF  
TRICKS!



GRAB 'IM!  
PUNCH 'IM!  
SHOOT 'IM DOWN!  
**OOF!**

THAT'LL TAKE  
THE SHINE OFF  
YOUR DOME!

HEY! WAIT  
FOR ME! I'M  
LEAVING TOO!

LOOK AT THEM RUN!  
I'LL JUST TIE THIS  
ROPE ON HERE AND  
MAKE A LASSO OUT  
OF THIS CIRCULAR  
PANEL!

COWBOY STUFF!  
--**BLUE BOLT**  
STYLE!

HERE'S  
ONE,  
**BOLTIE!**

WHAT SIZE  
COLLAR DID  
YOU SAY YOU  
WEAR?

HUH!

WHAT  
THE...!



THIS IS **ONE**  
WAY OUT!

SO IS  
THIS!

THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK!

**HELP!**  
DON'T LEAVE  
US HERE!

BACK, WHERE  
YOU CAME FROM,  
MUG!

I'LL KEEP  
HIM HERE FOR  
YOU,  
**BLUE BOLT!**

THANKS,  
BOSS!

**SQUISH!**

INDIA INK



HI, LOIS! --SEE  
A GUY COME THROUGH  
THIS PAGE?

HERE HE  
COMES NOW,  
**BOLTIE!**

WHAT IS THIS?  
THAT **BLUE BOLT**  
IS EVERYWHERE?

LET'S ROLL UP  
THE RUG AND  
**REALLY GET**  
INTO THIS!

VERY CONVENIENT  
PANEL YOU LANDED  
IN, MY CROOKED  
FRIEND!

**OOOH!**  
WHAT NOW?

**COMING  
THROUGH!**

LUCKY I WUZ  
ABLE TO GET  
TO MY KNIFE!

BETTER PUT IT  
AWAY ... BEFORE  
SUMBUDDY GITS  
HOITED...  
MEANING  
**US!**



THE ONE UNCAPTURED THUG SNEAKS UP AND...

THERE! NOW LET'S LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE AND BEAT IT OUTTA HERE!

W A P I E  
D H  
U S N G

SAY, YOU DUMB DODO OF A LETTERING-MAN! COULDN'T YOU THINK OF ANY OTHER KIND OF CAPTION BESIDES A WOODEN ONE?

WELL-- HERE WE GO AGAIN!

NOW!

IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING ANYWHERE, JUST FORGET IT!





WAIT FOR  
**BLUE  
BOLT,**  
FELLERS!

NOT  
ME!

THE LESS I HAVE  
TO DO WITH YOU,  
THE BETTER  
I'LL LIKE  
IT!

THE OLD  
BOW-AND-ARROW  
TECHNIQUE!

**BULLS-EYE!**  
GRAB A COUPLE OF  
THESE PUNKS  
AND FOLLOW ME,  
LOIS!

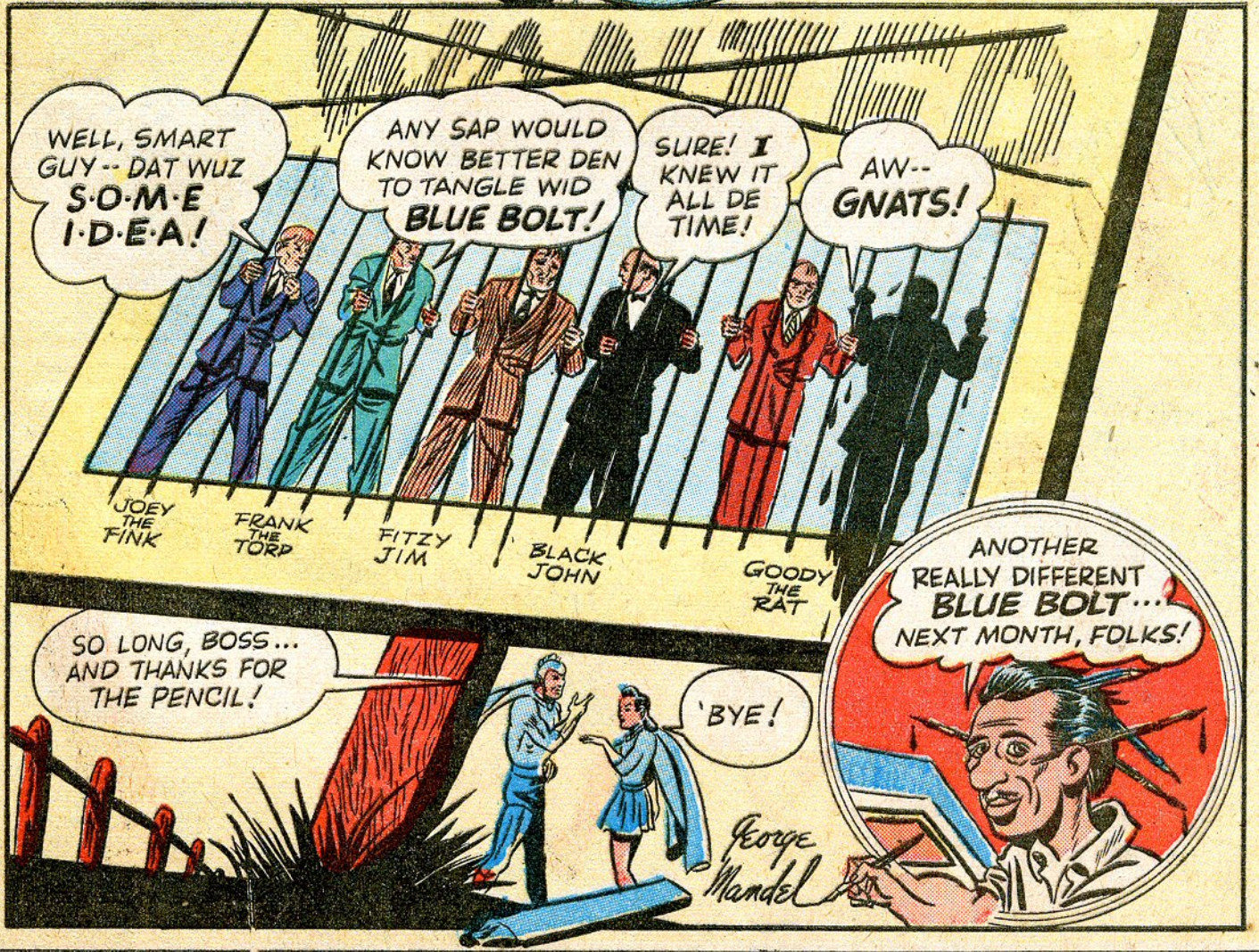
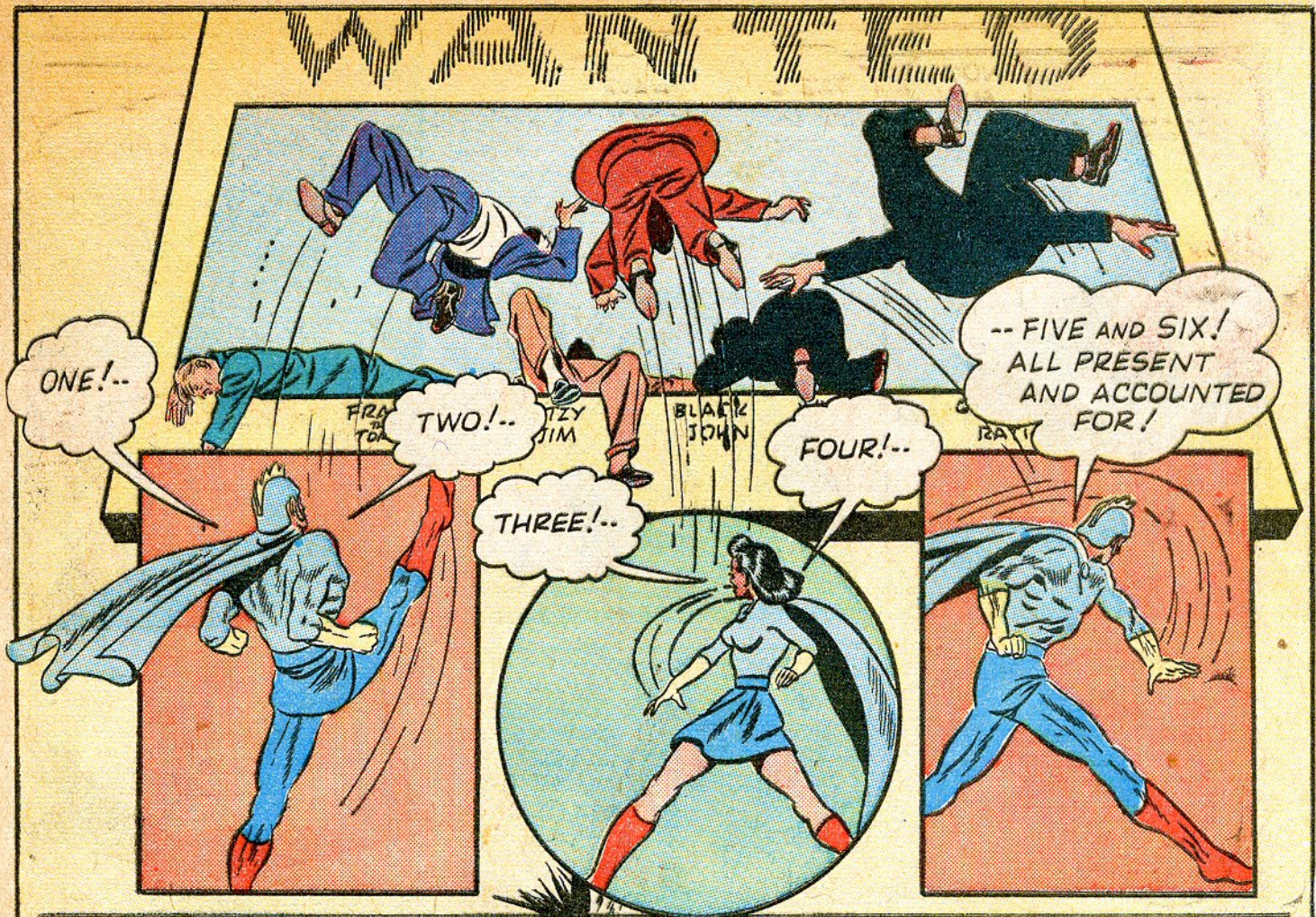
**ZING**

RIGHT  
WITH YOU,  
**BOLTIE!**

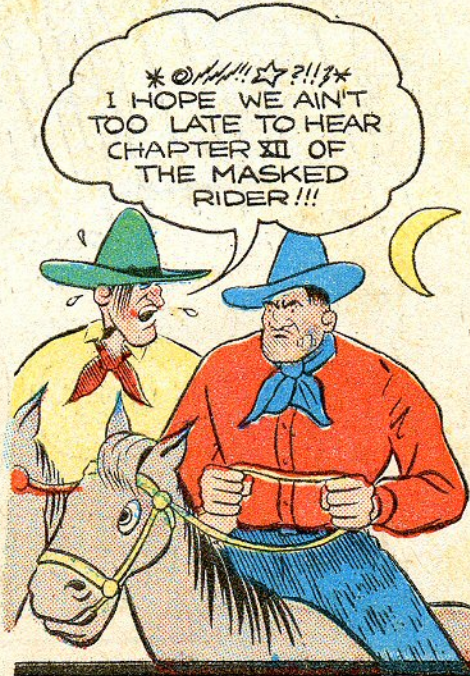
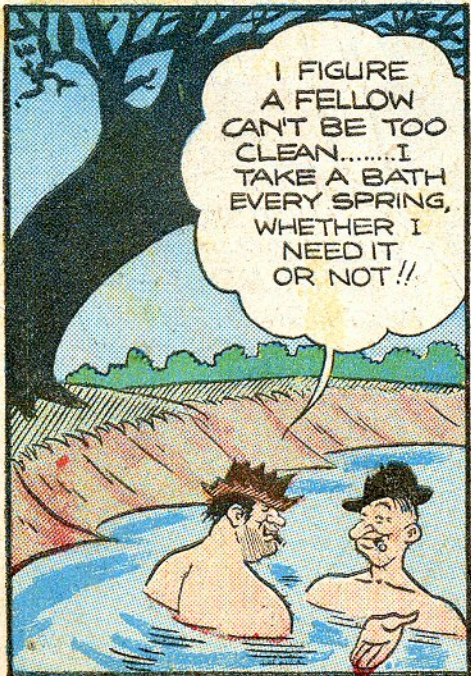
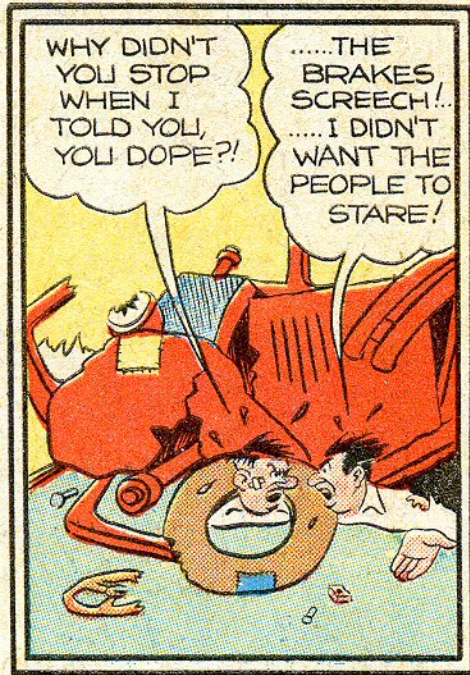
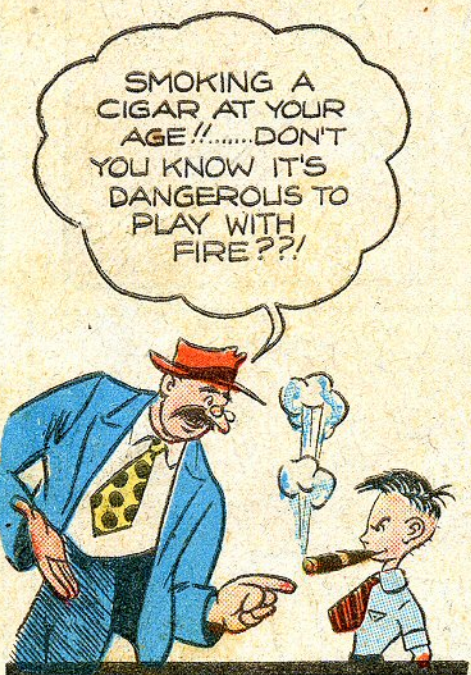
YOU BOYS  
ARE ON YOUR  
WAY HOME, SO  
DON'T FRET!

JOEY THE FINK    FRANK THE TORP    FITZY JIM    BLACK JOHN





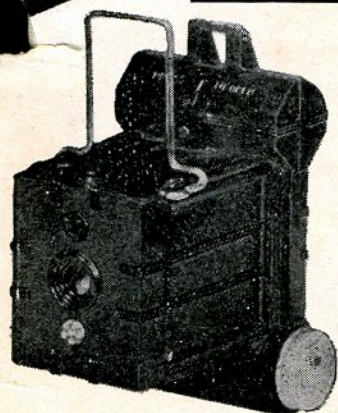








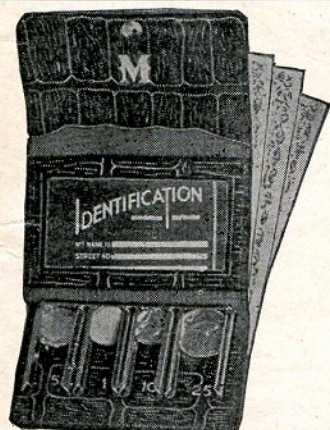
IT'S  
A RED,  
WHITE,  
AND BLUE  
BUTTON.



## SNAP

Snap pictures with the UNI-  
VEX CAMERA. 1½" x 1⅛"  
pictures can be enlarged.

No. MO-103 .....45c



## CARRY

Carry BILLFOLD AND COIN  
PURSE. Rubberized leather.  
State initial to be stamped.

No. MO-124 .....45c



## GIVE

Give mother or sister a  
gold-filled BIRTHSTONE  
RING. Send month of  
birth and ring size.

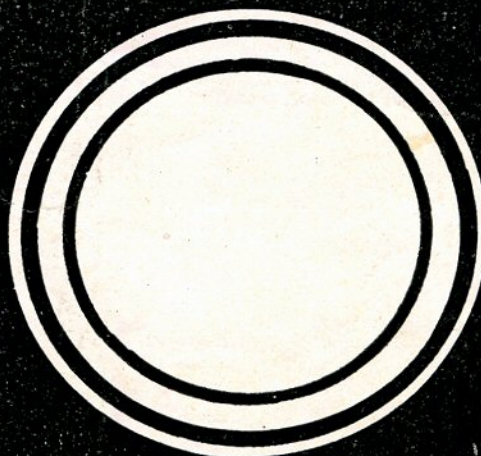
No. MO-199 .....55c

# BLACKOUT BUTTON

*It Glows in the Dark*

PIN IT ON  
YOUR LAPEL

WEAR IT ON  
YOUR BELT  
BOTH FRONT  
AND BACK



EVERY  
MEMBER  
OF YOUR  
FAMILY  
SHOULD  
HAVE ONE

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING HOLD TO THE LIGHT

- *Expose the luminous article to daylight or hold it close to an electric bulb for FIVE SECONDS. (This will "charge" it with light.)*

## It Will Then Glow in the Dark For Several Hours

The glow is brilliant in the first few minutes immediately following the exposure to light, then very gradually it becomes weaker

When the luminous glow dims, recharge by exposing it to light. Long exposure to light is not necessary, since it will not increase the duration of luminescence.

When going into a dark room from strong sunlight, the full effect of the glow will not be evident until your eyes have had time to accustom themselves to the darkness.

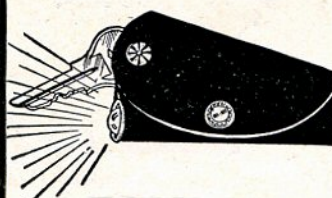
No. MO-210 .....25c



## SPOT

Spot far-off objects with this  
3¾" POCKET TELESCOPE.  
Lenses optically ground.

No. MO-169 .....40c



## SEE

See the keyhole at night  
with KEE-LITE. Combination  
key holder and flashlight.

No. MO-182 .....32c



## EXPERIMENT

Experiment with the GYRO-  
SCOPE TOP. Find how airplanes  
and ships keep even keel.

No. MO-960 .....25c

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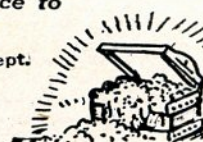


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